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EYE-WITNESS

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The Editor cannot undertake to return unsolicited Manuscripts which are not accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. The receipt of a proof does not imply the acceptance of an article.

Notes of the Week

THEIR Majesties the King and Queen are shortly to visit Wentworth Woodhouse, and we feel sure, from personal knowledge of the district, that in their tour through the industrial centres which surround that spot they will find much to interest them deeply. Some of the mines, for instance, are models of what mines should be, and it might be truthfully said that life below ground is often pleasanter than life above; besides which, good wages can always be earned by willing men. We are glad to think that the folly which took place not long ago among those who had no tangible grounds of complaint, out of sympathy with other districts with which they had nothing in common, and of whose grievances they knew nothing, is not likely to be repeated. There are welcome signs of peace and contentment in the whole neighbourhood, and their Majesties therefore will see things to the very best advantage.

We commented last week upon the prospect of two thousand more motor-omnibuses for the London streets; meanwhile public opinion is being worked up to realise the dangers due to the present crowded traffic. Articles are appearing in the best journalistic style on "How to Cross the Road"; diagrams of the risky area overawe us in the evening papers; leaders are being written on the matter, and altogether we seem to be in a bad predicament. Subways are not of much use: the average man hates to dive underground when there is the slightest chance of crossing the street with

limbs unbroken; and light bridges over the most congested places would hardly be an improvement. The curious fact has emerged from the discussion that the densest traffic is the safest; any person with ordinary agility can wind his way between the slowly moving vehicles; it is the miscalculation in swiftly moving streams of mixed traffic that brings disaster. With a few extra thousand 'buses, cabs, and cars, evidently the problem will solve itself automatically; between the interstices of the thick, slow flood that will fill each street worried humanity will be able to wriggle across quite happily!

The *Journal of English Studies* is a new recruit to the ranks of the monthly reviews, appealing "to the rank-and-file of those who are teaching English in primary and secondary schools throughout the British Isles." As each issue will contain at least two articles of a literary rather than of a pedagogic character, and the present one has excellent contributions by Mr. William Archer, Mr. J. M. Robertson, and Mr. Thomas Seccombe, obviously the appeal of this scholarly review will be to a far larger public than the teaching profession. The *Psychic Gazette* also makes its appearance this month as "the Official Organ of the International Club for Psychical Research." We learn from it that the present labour troubles are due primarily to the fact that Saturn and Mars "fall in conjunction on the same degree of the zodiac as they did 265 years ago," which is extremely interesting, and might have saved considerable trouble had it been mentioned in Parliament. Reminiscences of Mr. W. T. Stead, promised for the next number, should prove interesting. A third new arrival is the *Music Review*, which has a good article on "Folk Song," and some capable criticisms.

Lord Balcarres opened on Tuesday, in Stationers' Hall, a very interesting exhibition of books, broadsides, portraits, and autographs illustrative of over three centuries of the English bookselling trade, drawn from the stores of the leading antiquarian booksellers of this country, supplemented by loans from the Earl of Crawford, K.T., Mr. Littleton (Novello and Co.), and the St. Bride Foundation. What will make this exhibition a memorable one to bibliographers is the very large number of sixteenth and famous seventeenth century books. It seems that though the supply of Caxtons and Wynkyn de Worde is running short, a few of them may still be obtained, though we fear their appearance in this exhibition may be a prelude to their following so many famous pictures and books from our shores. The chief exhibitors are Messrs. Leighton (especially strong in sixteenth century books, well described), Pickering and Chatto, Robson, Maggs, Quaritch (fifteenth and early sixteenth century), Tregaskis, Stevens (Americana), Blackwell (Oxford books); but not a single exhibit is without interest and importance. Collectors of first editions ought to obtain the catalogue at once, if they have not already done so, seeing that no similar collection can be got together again in our time.

The Birth of Harmony

WHEN first glad Music's charming voice
Bade every listening ear rejoice,
She sang in tones so light and high
They seemed to kiss the dawn-lit sky.
Her gentle sister lingered near
The thrilling melodies to hear,
And faintly sighing in despair
Of reaching flights of song so rare
She raised her lower notes to praise
The first sweet singer's soaring lays.
Then suddenly a peace profound
Descended on the world around,
For of those blended sounds that morn
Angelic Harmony was born.

Beyrouth, Syria.

E. J. G.

A Quiet By-Path

HERE are certain calm by-ways of literature—of all literatures in whatsoever language they may be written—which resemble quiet, old-world gardens; such gardens as may be found surrounded by waving meadows on the outskirts of some Kentish villages, or perched overlooking the blue sea at the edge of the Cornish cliffs. To wander within them is to be bathed in an atmosphere of peace, to feel that the clamour of the town is an unreal, far-away thing unworthy of serious consideration. Here is a cluster of roses—no elegant drawing-room beauties of famous descent, but half-wild, spangled with dew, giving their faint fragrance to the wind; there towers a spire of foxglove with bells wide open for inquisitive bees; sweet-william, mignonette, queer little wayfaring flowers for which we know no name, all contribute to the gentle aspect of the place and win us to appreciation that in its way is as hearty and true as our enjoyment and admiration of a hothouse full of rarities.

One of these tranquil side-paths of literature is given to us in the correspondence of William Cowper. We have just been reading again the best of his letters in a new selected edition,* and have realised afresh the intense introspectiveness, the life of the spirit, which the poet led; a life, however, which left him free to write of the most trivial things. We have Cowper as housekeeper, mildly despairing over the size of a joint; as naturalist, explaining the agitation of a "crow, rook, or raven" in a storm; as exponent of St. Paul with reference to the law; as politician, discussing the relation of England and America; and in a hundred other moods, every one of them fascinating. Why are they fascinating, these chronicles of small happenings, these comments of one who was a specialist in nothing, whose words on weighty matters carried no value as criticism? For the very reason that he stood aloof, and, perhaps

without his own knowledge, allowed this spirit-life of his to flow into his written thoughts in such an intensely personal way that we cannot read his letters without seeing the man himself. "With a pen in my hand," he wrote to the Rev. John Newton, "I find myself gradually relieved; and as I am glad of any employment that may serve to engage my attention, so especially I am pleased with an opportunity of conversing with you, though it be but upon paper."

We have previously in these columns devoted some attention to the sombre side of Cowper's life; the letters here noticed seem, we think, to lay more emphasis upon the fundamental humour which forced its way through all illness and melancholy time after time. Let us be content to quote one passage from the exquisite letter to the Rev. William Unwin, which may be deemed peculiarly appropriate at the present day, when man is intent upon problems of flight:—

By the way, what is your opinion of these air-balloons? I am quite charmed with the discovery. Is it not possible (do you suppose) to convey such a quantity of inflammable air into the stomach and abdomen, that the philosopher, no longer gravitating to a centre, shall ascend by his own comparative levity, and never stop till he has reached the medium exactly *in equilibrio* with himself? May he not by the help of a pasteboard rudder, attached to his posteriors, steer himself in that pure element with ease; and again, by a slow and gradual discharge of his aerial contents, recover his former tendency to the earth, and descend without the smallest danger or inconvenience? . . . Perhaps a flight of academicians and a covey of fine ladies may be no uncommon spectacle in the next generation. A letter which appeared in the public prints last week convinces me that the learned are not without hopes of some such improvement upon this discovery.

Can anyone, reading the above and scores of similar passages, resist the comparison between Cowper and Charles Lamb? The same playfulness is there; and if at times it seems to us a trifle heavy, that is more the result of the slightly old-fashioned diction than of any lack of humour; also, possibly, because we are not now so careful to clothe our wit in excellent English.

In these two volumes is the cream of Cowper's prose writings; we have not detected any serious omission that might have aided the student to a better comprehension of the poet as a man. Mr. Fraser points out in his brief preface that the very consistent high quality of the "Letters" makes the task of selection more difficult; but he has done exceedingly well. The "Memoir" is good, and not too critical; but it is placing Cowper rather too prominently among the moderns to say that "the publication of 'The Task' and 'John Gilpin' in 1885 made Cowper famous." Obviously this is a slip for 1785. Although these volumes cannot take the place of authoritative standard editions, they give, in a pleasant and handy form, all that is needful to know about the prose work of one whose poetry and prose is to-day somewhat too freely spoken of as "out of date."

* *Letters of William Cowper*. Chosen and Edited, with a Memoir and a few Notes, by J. G. FRAZER. 2 Vols. (Macmillan and Co. 8s. net.)

The Wessex Novels*

WHEN, having passed the test by which his work is recognised to be fine gold—the touchstone of time—an author arrives at the dignity and honour of a standard collected edition, it is generally too late in the day to say anything in elucidation of his methods, in praise or condemnation of his style, or in estimation of his value as a contributor to the literature of his time and country. All these things have been taken in hand and thrashed out long ago in the case of Mr. Thomas Hardy. Every paper with any pretensions to literary criticism has given its meed of space to him for many years past; unknown journalists have chattered comfortably and complacently of his "pessimism," echoing with their parrot-cry the opinions that more serious critics, in many cases, were in too much hurry to pronounce; men of weight in the literary world found that whether he had a formulated "philosophy" or not, here was one who stood entirely apart from the "nature-novelist," while describing Nature's methods and processes with an observation that seemed at times almost uncanny in its microscopic keenness, and marshalling her major forces of sun and shower, day and night, summer thunder and winter storm, into a tremendous and intimate relationship with humanity that had never before been so unerringly indicated. And thus, from various pens, qualified and unqualified, the public gained its knowledge of a writer who cared as little as did Meredith for popular acclamation, and who, proceeding as calmly on his chosen way as the author of "Love in the Valley," gave of his best, neither seeking praise nor avoiding blame.

Precisely as opinions seem fairly evenly divided between "The Egoist" and "Diana of the Crossways," when the rather futile but perennial question arises concerning Meredith's "best book," so with Mr. Hardy they part company over "Tess of the d'Urbervilles" and "Far from the Madding Crowd." Such debates matter little, save that from them we may safely gather that the four novels mentioned represent their authors, give in finest measure those essential qualities which make them what they are. With "Tess," "Far from the Madding Crowd," and "The Return of the Native" (for to me this last volume stands immeasurably before "Jude the Obscure"), one knows all that is greatest in Mr. Hardy's fiction; not only that, but from those books it is possible to set aside the little things that annoy the attentive reader—the spots on the sombre sun of Wessex. All that is greatest—the wonderful, breathless scene of Tess baptising "Sorrow the Undesired" with her pathetic ritual and her feverish cry: "O merciful God, have pity; have pity upon my poor baby! Heap as much anger as you want to upon me, and welcome; but pity the child!" The terrible interview—love turned to bitterness—between Tess and Angel Clare, whose flame

of passion flickered perilously near to extinction under the revelation; the irresistible chatter of the peasants on Bathsheba Everdene's homestead; the swordplay of Sergeant Troy; the exquisite descriptions of Egdon Heath; all these are great, each in its own way.

And the little things that annoy? They are peculiar to Mr. Hardy's style. Angel often talks to Tess in an extraordinary manner. "Here was I," he says, "thinking you a new-sprung child of nature; there were you, the belated seedling of an effete aristocracy!" And his extremely level-headed proposal seems to belie the love that he felt: "I shall soon want to marry, and, being a farmer, you see I shall require for my wife a woman who knows all about the management of farms. Will you be that woman, Tessy?" In the actual passages of description, Mr. Hardy's acute eye for detail will lead him occasionally into a note which seems laboured, as when, in Tess's excitement, "the miniature candle-flame inverted in her eye-pupils shone like a diamond"; and at times his words savour slightly of the vocabulary of the scientist. Lionel Johnson pointed out that phrases containing such words as "zenithal," "nadiral," "monochromatic," "isometric," etc., accurately though they might supply the need of the moment, were not wisely employed from the artist's pen. It would be quite unprofitable to labour this aspect of the Wessex novels; their total impression is scarcely affected thereby. There are passages in them which as long as literature endures will stand for beauty and dignity; there are chapters compact of the elemental humour born from the contact of men who know each other's lives through and through—a humour which far transcends the superficial specious badinage that passes for wit in many a more learned sphere; there are pages stern and masterful with simple tragedy. And with it all, there is no great faith, no "Reading of Earth" as the Mother, no echo of the thought that came in the quiet demand:—

Into the breast that gives the rose
Shall I with shuddering fall?

Instead, we find ironic questionings as of one who scans the heavens, suspecting a God whom he cannot see, questionings which reached their acutest, most desperate stage in "The Dynasts" and in some of the short lyrics. "Thou build'st Thy house in space—for what?" sings the ironic Semichorus of the Years.

. . . like a knitter drowsed
Whose fingers play in skilled unmindfulness,
The Will has woven with an absent heed
Since life first was; and ever will so weave.

That sums up the pervading spirit of the books which lie before us in their new array, though it is not strictly applicable to some of Mr. Hardy's other work. This, at some future date, may be enlarged upon; meanwhile it only remains to note the pleasure with which we welcome this standard collected edition; it will deservedly be treasured by all lovers of Wessex and the West Country.

W. L. R.

* *Tess of the D'Urbervilles; Far from the Madding Crowd; The Return of the Native; Jude the Obscure.*
By THOMAS HARDY. New Collected Edition. (Macmillan and Co. 7s. 6d. each net.)

REVIEWS

Some Irish Plays

The Drone, and Other Plays. By RUTHERFORD MAYNE. With Portrait Frontispiece. (Maunsel and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)

Shakespeare's End, and Other Irish Plays. By CONAL O'RIORDAN (NORREYS CONNELL). (Stephen Swift and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)

IT is now only a commonplace, if sometimes a daring commonplace, to refer to the fact that Irish dramatists have within the past decade or so produced work that is not alone the only drama in the English tongue to attain to literary significance, but which has risen to European recognition. Yet it is not always seen that these dramatists are divisible into what may roughly be called schools. There are those who began the Irish Literary Theatre, and found it a home at the Abbey Theatre, Dublin; and those who founded the Ulster Literary Theatre. Ireland, in its present state, is not a nation; it is a struggle and a hunger for a nation. Consequently it has come about that some of the most distinguished of the former group have been splendid strangers to their country, wanderers, and seekers of livings in other countries. Mr. Conal O'Riordan, for example, is such a man. In his preface, addressed to Mr. Joseph Conrad, he compares their respective positions—the one a Pole writing in a foreign tongue and living all his time in a foreign country, and the other an Irishman in the same plight. Still, of late it has come about that the majority of those who write for the Abbey Theatre either live in Dublin or in the southern and western parts of Ireland. The Ulster dramatists, as their name implies, have a more exclusive field of work, and so presumably of residence.

It is to the Ulster group that Mr. Rutherford Mayne belongs. It is necessary to see this in order to understand him. When, for example, with the other parts of Ireland, humour may be bitter with melancholy as in Synge, sunny and kindly as in Lady Gregory, or irresponsibly boisterous as in William Boyle, it is Scotch and pawky in Mr. Mayne. The tragedy elsewhere may be lit with beauty, or erect, with a strong sympathetic dignity; but here it is fierce, and even vindictive. There are those who hold, true patriots withal, that the Scotch invasion of the north-east of Ireland has marred the island. However that may be, it is true that plays such as these of Mr. Rutherford Mayne cannot be understood without recognising the results of that invasion.

In some ways there is not much of the typical Irish in them. There is, for instance, a certain hardness, a certain forthrightness, truly enough, about Irish women; yet it is kindly, it is good-humoured and wayward. It is not often shrewish. But all the women of these plays are shrews. They are even predisposed that way by feature: Sarah McMinn, in "The Drone," is described as "a sour-faced spinster of uncertain age"; Mary Burke, in "Red Turf," is "somewhat hard of feature"; and one could wager that Mrs. Granahan, in "The Turn

of the Road," is a bit that way, too. Unlike people from the easier parts of Ireland, they would not like to be thought of straw, we feel sure; but they, nevertheless, show which way the wind inclines. For throughout all these plays there is the perpetual feeling that the characters are not only hard but dour also. They are never lovable; they are not even likeable. Even the girl Mary Murray, in "The Drone," is canny. It is nothing that she is rebellious. Rebellion may be the most winsome thing in the world. It certainly should be the most spontaneous thing in the world. But Mary's rebellion is a calculated and set piece of business, and one would certainly feel little disposed to kiss her anger and laugh at it. Poor girl! she is fated, we fear, to become hard-featured also in her turn. And Alick McCready, the young farmer whom she woos so charmingly (also a little artificially), is in for an unhappy time when she comes to manage the household accounts.

All this is not to depreciate Mr. Rutherford Mayne as a dramatist. He is, as we know, faithful to the material he has taken into hand to shape. He sometimes fails to shape it as a dramatist should. "The Drone," with all its strength, is not a little stiff in its working. One must always accept a dramatist's postulates; but then on the other hand he should be fair and just in his postulates; and it is a bit of a tax on our credulity that a man like Daniel Murray should for "these fifteen years and more" maintain himself at his brother's expense (a canny man his brother, too), as a great inventive genius who has been merely unfortunate in not having his inventions accepted, and not be found out. It is frankly said that he has been away for a fortnight at a time at Belfast in order to try and get his inventions sold; it is also frankly revealed in the end that his "workshop" has nothing in it, no plans, no machinery, no tools, only many copies of the "Northern Whig"; and we cannot resist the thought that brother John would have taken advantage of Daniel's absence to peep into things for himself. There is, of course, the reply to this that John, brotherly beneath his canniness, did not want to believe his brother a fraud. But this is another of the faults of the play, for John's character is very uncertainly portrayed. All people are contradictions; but there is a specific gravity at which those contradictions become personality; and that specific gravity Mr. Mayne does not find in the case of John Murray. And as he is the pivot of the play, the mind is perplexed and troubled, and the play is marred.

Much of this could be smoothed away in the acting; but it is no compliment to an author that some other hand than his own is wanted to the understanding of his matter. The best of these plays we consider to be "The Troth." It is simple, it is strong, and none of the parts is strained. "Red Turf," too, though not so good, is similar. Whereas "The Drone" needs conviction of circumstance, and "The Turn of the Road" requires conviction and sharpness in its conclusion. That is to say, they are faulty examples of plays one should have on one's shelves.

With all its faults, there is achievement about Mr. Mayne's work. This cannot altogether be said about Mr. O'Riordan's volume. At the very outset we think he has made a mistake in calling his book after its longest, and worst, play. "Shakespeare's End" is in blank verse; and he is a bold, brave man who sets out to show us Shakespeare speaking in blank verse, and not Shakespeare only, but Ben Jonson, Drayton, and three typical poets of that time. It is very un-Elizabethan blank verse that they speak, to be sure. Nor is it verse that would be distinguished at any other time. Its diction is as simple as its metre is regular; and there is a manifest misfit between the people who speak and the things that they say. But exactly why they say those things does not appear; for, though the scene is pitched at Shakespeare's house on the very night when a deep carouse is said to have been the cause of his death, actually, behind the outward appearance of events, a dissertation is being engaged in with regard to imperial politics and Home Rule. This is achieved by the entry, at different moments, of two "passengers"—the one a sailor who has been abroad with Drake in the establishment of an empire, an establishment that took place in scenes of rape and butchery, and the other a priest whose sole concern is to help Ireland where faith and beauty are yet alive. In other words, "Shakespeare's End" is not so much a drama as a kind of masque: although it wears all the pretence of the bigger thing, of being staffed with blood, it is really only a fancy, and consequently there is an incongruity about it that irks the attention. Mr. O'Riordan may be quite certain what it is he means; but he does not convince us that he has gone the best way about getting it. Probably that best way would have been a pamphlet.

"Shakespeare's End" is not his best thing; "The Piper" far better deserves that distinction. It is told in prose, but there is poetry in it; it is couched in a form fantastical, but there is the grip of meaning in it. Yet here again one gets that wide gap between set-out and arrival that stirs so profound an unrest in the mind that reads. We know that Black Mike is a fine example of a certain type of Irishman; we feel that Larry the Talker and Tim the Trimmer are partly types of Irishmen and partly indicative of their author's mental effort to express those types; and we know that the same may be said of Pat Dennehy. But we feel that the picture of these men, with their English prisoner, Captain Talbot, standing on the top of "a green Irish hill" discussing whether they had won a glorious victory or whether they "were bet," while their personal and collective insignificance is so apparent, is one that expresses a great deal less than the author had hoped it would. It, nevertheless, sets a chord ringing, and the dominant of that chord is the dominant of the "Shan Van Vocht." The second of the three plays that this volume contains is a discussion between Emmet and Tommy Moore, an undramatic dialogue, indeed, that touches the very raw of some Irish problems.

Mr. Conal O'Riordan opens his volume with a prefatory letter to Joseph Conrad, in which, in the way of a

personal confession, he tells us that he "values even the faultiest order of day for life to come above the most perfectly expressed regrets for life that is gone." It is strange how many men will see history as forward and backward on a plane surface, instead of upward and downward, towards and away from perfection.

A Poet in Peking

The New China. A Traveller's Impressions. By HENRI BOREL. Translated from the Dutch by C. THIEME. Illustrated. (T. Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)

THIS is one of the most fascinating books about China we have ever read. It is so suggestive, so haunting, so full of poetry, that it is no easy matter to keep enthusiasm within reasonable bounds. There is just cause for enthusiasm when we find in Mr. Borel a writer who is able to express the very soul of Peking, who is able to bring her palaces and temples and gardens, her streets and walls, her golden pavilions and pagodas before our very eyes, with a literary art that has much of magic in it. We wonder why he has called his book "The New China" when the main theme is immemorially old, when almost on every page the author reveals his love of ancient beauty and old tradition, when the very spirit of the man seems steeped in the past.

Mr. Borel writes, in regard to the awakening of the great Chinese Dragon:—

It was as if a magnetic current, an electric vibration, passed through the body of this gigantic colossus, this magnificent, huge, primeval creature of prehistoric periods, apparently dead but in reality only slumbering through the centuries, on whose back foreign parasites had settled down, stinging and wounding and nesting in its skin. Suddenly the heavy, thick eyelids are half opened, a tremor of new life shivers through the unwieldy frame, the thick, flabby skin contracts, the tremendous legs make the earth resound, and with a cry reverberating through the whole world, it hails a new day.

There is no hint of the Yellow Peril in these pages. To Mr. Borel the Dragon awakes, with its teeming millions, to spread the wisdom and beauty of the East. He sees China's awakening through the calm eyes of Confucius, and not through the heated optics of a modern politician. "The chief object of my book," he writes, "is to avail myself of the poet's right to give a chain of personal and subjective impressions, and to describe how I felt the tragic death of ancient beauty. . . . But I also hope to describe how, after sadness for this grievous death, came consolation and confidence; for behind the tragedy I constantly and unmistakably perceived the great immutable purpose of the world. I was aware of the spiritual idea which, after decay and death, shall bring to China, through travail and conflict, a new wisdom and a new beauty." When Mr. Borel wrote this book, originally published two years ago, he did not foresee that, when the Dragon awoke, it would throw off its old romance and old tradition, thrust aside

the Son of Heaven, and with a roar set up a Republican Government. If Mr. Borel fails to reveal, or rather to suggest, the mighty power of China that shall evolve from her transition stage, he succeeds, as only a poet can succeed, in rekindling the fires of the old Celestial Kingdom in portraying, in exquisite language, the dream-land splendour of ancient Peking. He writes of China as Lafcadio Hearn wrote of Japan, Fielding-Hall of Burmah, and Sister Nivedita of India. He writes, not with a pen, but with a brush steeped in many colours. His pictures glow with ecstatic joy and old-world mysticism. He has come near to revealing that ancient beauty of the soul, those fair memories that go far back into the magic of the past.

Mr. Borel journeys to Peking in a *train-de-luxe*, and we are made to realise the incongruity of this up-to-date manner of travelling by a man who has an innate love of the old and a hearty dislike of modern inventions. Many of us will appreciate his feelings, and many of us, like the author, are willing to make a compromise, for even poets of the Netherlands and elsewhere are not impervious to modern comforts, and, after all, we can indulge in old-world dreams with railway tickets in our pockets.

Arriving at Peking, Mr. Borel puts up at the Hôtel des Wagons Lits, and in doing so receives another rude shock. He writes: "Have things gone so far with Peking? I expected to reach to China's mysterious capital, and I find myself landed in a Parisian hotel." Later on he warmly denounces "the snobbery of white globe-trotters and loafers." In spite of the continual cry of "messieurs et mesdames" and the noise occasioned by workmen adding another storey to this deplorably modern hotel, Mr. Borel is able to dream his wonderful dreams, in which Peking becomes "like some legendary city of enchantment."

Mr. Borel has a passion for colour, and in the spirit of colour we are led through many a street in Peking, pass through a magnificent arch of honour, and gaze at countless pavilions and pagodas. He writes:—

In clear transparent sunlight the yellow tiles of walls and roofs glimmer like gold, monuments of white marble soar aloft in virgin whiteness, the green and blue and mauve and violet of pagodas and terraced gates shine in unearthly tints. Anthems of light, hymns of colour, burst over the Imperial City, and the sky is blue like the garments of the Madonna in the pictures of primitives, the clear, warm blue, *le bleu céleste*, which brings peace to the soul.

In the Street of Eternal Repose Mr. Borel discovers the Gate of Eternal Repose, and gazes upon it with rapture. He loves its frail old age, its carvings and its colours. Even while he is observing its various beauties "two lights in the frail lace carvings of the arches begin to shine out, modern, nervous bulb lamps of the Electric Light Company, two glowing eyes of our modern times, victorious over this delicate dying vestige of antiquity."

There are occasions when Mr. Borel allows his ecstasy to carry him away. He is a true poet and a true mystic, but sometimes his colour effects savour of the riotous

colour dreams associated with opium. Now and again his mysticism descends to the level of occult jargon, and he forgets the stateliness and restraint of his much-loved Chinese literature. He is fond of the Theosophical word "astral," makes vague references to Atlantis, as useless as a certain esoteric book on the Great Pyramid. He refers to vibrations in the Lama Temple which linger for years, but which can only be "perceived by the higher consciousness alone." We are very far from taking a philistine view in these matters, but we venture to point out that Mr. Borel has too much of the poetic genius to allow it to get out of control. If he would temper his colours and his ecstasies, the book would gain in strength and suggestiveness. Let him reveal beauties through the veiled light of mysticism without attempting to explain them, or to go into detail that can only lead the reader into the misty paths of occultism. It is when Mr. Borel curbs his poetic emotionalism that he is at his best, when he finds in the Buddha faces in the Lama Temple such light and wisdom that he discovers the very secret of Buddhism itself.

An interesting chapter is devoted to the funeral of the Dowager Empress of China, and in these pages he allows the reader's imagination full scope. There is something pathetic in the primitive idea of burning paper representations of her Majesty's favourite belongings, something grim and haunting in the idea of setting light to innumerable paper soldiers. Mr. Borel writes: "They all had to precede the funeral procession into the unseen. For the Chinese are fully convinced—and this is not so strange as it seems—that all we see on earth is but a reflection of an invisible reality, and they provide, therefore, for an invisible funeral as well as for a visible one." When this remarkable woman passed away, there must have been considerable surprise in the Chinese Paradise when "Confucius and Mencius . . . saw all those modern soldiers in European uniforms marching on, and, supreme horror, not the ancestral sedan-chair to convey the Empress, according to a ritual centuries old, but an elegant European brougham, that was also burned, with two large dapple-grey European horses, rubber tyres, and English lanterns."

We are taken into the Yellow Temple, into the Temple of Confucius and the Hall of the Classics, and into the Temple of the Five Pagodas. We wander in the Summer Palace, and, like our author, leave the panting mandarin far behind. We gaze at the wonder of a great bronze ox, and in crossing a veritable bridge of dreams picture that great dreamer, the Artist-Emperor Ch'ien Lung. And, last of all, we are shown the Temple of Heaven, where the old emperors prostrated themselves and became in very deed Sons of Heaven.

Mr. Borel writes: "Everything in China that stands out against the sky is intended to be pleasing to the benevolent spirits in the spheres. The roofs, with their graceful, barge-like forms, seem to be floating softly through the sky, their corners ornamented with flying birds and swimming fishes." This passage reflects the impression we have derived from this very fascinating

book. Mr. Borel has revealed the magic of Peking and the dreams of the Chinese Dragon with such consummate skill that we heartily wish the great creature had never had the misfortune to wake up and see an empty throne and a Republican Government.

F. HADLAND DAVIS.

Speculative Mythology

The Riks, or Primeval Gleams of Light and Life. By T. PARAMASIVA IYER. (Mysore Government Press, Bangalore.)

HINDU mythology is always a difficult subject, and Mr. Iyer, Judge of Bangalore, in Mysore, has not contrived to make it clearer or attractive. Most people would be content with the popular exposition contained in the late R. C. Dutt's "Ancient India," published more than twenty years ago. Mr. Iyer's studies have led him to identify the stories of the Vedas and Puranas, the ancient Hindu literature, with geological and chemical phenomena. He claims to have made discoveries, but he might state more distinctly what they were. The name "Riks" means the "gleams of light and life" which issued out of decay and darkness, united with certain gods and created the living species now flourishing on this earth. This he develops into an account of the origin of man. The Rigveda contains over 1,000 hymns, exceeding 10,000 verses. They are addressed to the Nature-gods, Indra (of rain), Varuna (Ouranos, the sky), and others, to whom Mr. Iyer now attaches (apparently his discovery) other meanings, based on geology and chemistry.

He identifies Indra with a mighty volcano. Indra, he says, created the sun by melting, rooting out, and breaking up the serpent Vritra (glacial ice), filling up passes, and breaking down the mountain walls, so that daylight was restored. This is the central fact of the Riks. "The surface of the earth, the seat of life, was concealed from her vivifying lord, the sun, and weighed down by serpents, and in response to her pressure, her father Viswakarma raised up mighty volcanoes, which fought the glaciers, lifted up the earth, loosened the rivers, cut out new beds for them high above the old rivers overwhelmed by the glaciers, fertilised her, and restored her to the embraces of her distant husband. There, in a nutshell, is the Rigveda." It is Soma (generally regarded as juice, fermented) that arms Indra with Vajra (explosive power): it is bitumen, petroleum, the Prince of Medicines (*sic*). His lists of Vedic words and the technicology of the Rishis partly explain the system. Thus Rik means "tiny bubbles of hydro-carbon gas flashing from the surface of decaying matter." Rudra is "atmospheric electricity in the higher regions." Space fails to tell of Agni, the Maruts, Prithivi, Dyava, Aditi, Savitar (the creator), the Asuras, all characters known to Vedic students.

Mr. Iyer describes "the Lord" who spoke to Moses on Mount Sinai as *lava*. He dilates on Vishnu as "the source of all the gods. There is good reason to believe that he is the Lord of the Old Testament. He is the

Apollo of the Greeks. He is basaltic lava. For brilliancy, energy, and size, no god or host of gods can approach him." Twashtar, the parent of the gods, is the fissurer; gases are known as Brahman, or the expanders. The five manifestations of Vishnu are described in terms of geological action. "Rama and Krishna alone were *avatars* in the proper sense of the word, operating mainly on the surface of the earth," Rama said to be olivine basalt, and dark-blue Krishna, who burnt out the Himalaya forests and made the glaciers recede, and gave the final quietus to volcanic action and peace to India. The descent of Aryan men from three volcanoes is ascribed to the action of Savitar Agni on the decaying beds of pre-glacial and inter-glacial organic matter. Mr. Iyer regards the primeval operations of tectonic creative forces as a fascinating subject of study. He has, indeed, produced a strange jumble of mythology, geology, chemistry, and Sanskrit, which may suit the Hindu intellect and imagination, but it was hardly fair of him to attribute his "discoveries" to Western learning. Real scientists and scholars could, we believe, easily expose his extraordinary conceptions of fact and fancy, which are wild enough to inspire despair of Indian learning. It is inconceivable that the authors of the Rigveda, thousands of years ago, embodied therein the geological and chemical meanings which Mr. Iyer educes from the poems.

Recent Theology

The Kingdom of God. By WILLIAM TEMPLE. (Macmillan and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)

The Mustard Tree. By O. R. VASSALL-PHILLIPS. (Duckworth and Co. 5s. net.)

The Christian Hope. By WILLIAM ADAMS BROWN. (Duckworth and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)

Church and State. By the late RIGHT REV. GEORGE RIDING. (A. R. Mowbray and Co. 2s. net.)

A Priest's Outlook: Passages from the Letters of Laurence Enderwyck. (A. R. Mowbray and Co. 1s. net.)

The Life and Times of S. Dominic. By DR. DE LACEY O'LEARY. (S.P.C.K. 2s. 6d.)

THE Headmaster of Repton delivered these excellent lectures, "The Kingdom of God," at Cambridge, during the Lent Term of this year. His object is stated to be a discussion of the "relation of religion to life in general, and in particular the relation of Christianity to the life of the world in our own day." But in order to understand this relation it is necessary first to grasp the coming of Christ's kingdom in answer to Jewish expectation. This is the thesis of the first lecture. The second and third treat of Religion and Ethics, and the Kingdom of the World. In the last lecture Christianity is defended against merely philosophic views of life. Mr. Temple's criticisms of Nietzsche are admirable, and throughout he maintains a high level of independent thought, united to a true spiritual conception of the value of Christian life, which makes his lectures worthy of earnest consideration.

"The Mustard Tree" is really an *apologia* for Roman Catholicism, and is the result of "conferences" at Ox-

ford and Cambridge for Roman Catholic undergraduates. It must be expected that a man who left the Anglican Church would consider that the whole of the East (Russians) and the whole of the Anglican Communion are "non-Catholic Christians" outside the unity of the Catholic Church, seeing that, in his judgment, unity depends on allegiance to the See of Rome. We see nothing in his argument from the belief of Roman Catholics as a witness to the divinity of Christ, which does not apply equally to the faith of Anglicans and Russians who daily recite the Creeds of Catholic Christendom. To them, also, their Episcopate may seem as much a "witness," as the existence of the Papacy. Apart from this inevitable controversy, Mr. Vassall-Phillips' book is very well written, and presents throughout a valuable exposition of faith which should be a help to many minds.

"Hope," once said Gibbon, "is the best comfort of our imperfect condition"—an aphorism that might well stand as the motto for this thoughtful and inspiring little work, "The Christian Hope." In reviewing the doctrine of immortality in the East and in Greece, the author shows that the Christian religion does not possess a monopoly of hope. Christianity alone penetrates the grave with the light of a confident hope. The reason for the late development of resurrection-faith among the monotheistic Jews has always been a difficult subject. Why is there no trace of Egyptian influence? Dr. Brown's evidence is not earlier than the Apocalypse attributed to Isaiah, the Book of Enoch, the Apocalypse of Baruch, and other late writings. The teachings of Jesus on the future life and the effects of the Resurrection itself are discussed, and there are two very good chapters on "Proposed Substitutes for Christian Hope" and on the "Recovery of Faith in Immortality."

These ten addresses, "Church and State," by the late Bishop of Southwell, are all closely concerned with present-day problems, such as the Established Church and the Voluntary System, the Parochial System, Endowments and Tithes, and the Clergy Freehold, which last he strongly upholds as having a valuable place in English life, where "the law of liberty is a law of honour," a view which the present Bishop of Oxford does not seem to admit. Dr. Ridding was a practical man, and his broad and sensible view of life is shown in these essays.

Those who would care for a series of charming little pictures of one aspect of modern English religious life, in the outlook of an experienced and gifted priest, will do well to get this tiny volume, "A Priest's Outlook." The literary setting is good, and the glimpses of humanity among all sorts and conditions of folk, from the house-party of a great historic house to simple factory-workers, quite a revelation of the power of definite teaching of the faith. The Vicar of All Saints, Margaret Street, is certainly right when he says, in a prefatory note, that "these letters will give pleasure to many."

The age of S. Dominic was the period of a great spiritual movement which passed over Christendom.

National differences, though beginning to be felt, were by no means strong. It was a time of spiritual unrest and of craving for reform. The revivals, such as the Dominican and Franciscan, which affected at first one country, soon stirred all Europe. A tide of rationalism had set in, which the Church had to face. S. Dominic became the prophet of intellectual orthodoxy. Christendom needed an educated clergy. S. Dominic supplied this demand. He captured the Universities. He founded a great Order, whose avowed aim was "Study as a preparation for preaching; preaching as a means of saving souls." The study of his life as a great Christian educationalist has its special lessons for us to-day, in a parallel age, face to face with similar needs. The spread of German philosophy, the unsettlement caused by extreme criticism, the waves of apathetic agnosticism, the call for social and ecclesiastical reform, all these demand a highly educated clergy; and again in the twentieth century, as in the thirteenth, a special order of teachers. This and a great deal more of interest may be learnt from Dr. O'Leary's excellent and well-written history of the life and times of S. Dominic.

The Great Cavalier

The Life of James, First Duke of Ormonde, 1610-1688.
By LADY BURGHCLERE. 2 Vols. Illustrated. (John Murray. 28s. net.)

WHEN Lady Burghclere gave us in 1903 her life of George Villiers, second Duke of Buckingham, it was felt that she had acquitted herself of a difficult undertaking in a surprisingly able manner. To be able to speak well of your subject is an indispensable part of a biographer's equipment, but Buckingham's life was that of a figure in a Restoration comedy doubled with a soul steeped in Renaissance intrigue. Dumas might have found a hero in him: Lady Burghclere set down his life in a simple, unbiased narrative, quite unusual in the first book of a new writer. Over and over again, as one read her story, the reflection occurred that the country could not be governed by such incompetent and venal Ministers as Buckingham and his colleagues without being brought to the verge of ruin, and that somewhere in the background there must have been not only a large class of capable administrators like Williamson, Temple, and Pepys, but a reserve of men born in the governing classes and with the virtues of their race. James Butler, first Duke of Ormonde, the hero of her second book, was one of these. He came of an ancient stock, more noble—save for the Plantagenet and Valois blood imported by marriage—than the Stuarts or the Tudors they served with an almost fanatic devotion, a stock which had for centuries ruled with semi-regal state in their own palatinate jurisdictions in Ireland, and had been the mainstay of the Crown in its failing grip on the country since the days of Edward II.

He had been schooled by adversity in his youth, and in his early manhood had learnt statesmanship at the feet of Wentworth—one of the greatest rulers Ireland ever

willingly obeyed. When at last fortune seemed to be smiling on him, the great convulsion of 1641 occurred, and twenty of the best years of his life were spent in a struggle, foredoomed to failure, to safeguard the interests of his king and his country. When the Restoration came in its turn, his services were only utilised because it became evident that an honest man was needed to settle the welter of conflicting claims to the land of Ireland, mortgaged twice over to the Irish, the adventurers, the Army, and the Cromwellians; and his reward was the hatred and envy of such men as Anglesea, Buckingham, and Tyrconnel, the grateful ingratitude of his King, and the good fame in our history, which he hoped for, ungrudgingly paid by writers of all shades of opinion. It is indeed to "lie well in the chronicle" when John Morley can call him "one of the most admirably steadfast, patient, clear-sighted, and honourable men in the list of British statesmen," and Thomas Carlyle is forced to note his "distinguished integrity, patience, activity, and talent."

The author of these two volumes is, then, to be congratulated on her choice of a subject, the life of a man who for over half a century was at the centre of the crowded political turmoil which filled the history of Ireland at the time, a life which, when written, is "a little map of a great country." She is still more to be congratulated on the way in which her book is written. The style is simple, easy, straightforward, as befits a work which extends to well-nigh a thousand pages, without any attempt at a strained ornament, yet rising, as the moment demands it, to a high pitch of feeling. These qualities can be appreciated by the ordinary reader, but only those who have been engaged in a similar work can judge of the amount of preliminary labour that goes to the preparation of such a book as this, the artistic disposition of one's material, the constant calls it makes on the attention of the writer. It is true that she had Carte's monumental work before her, and that this must have greatly facilitated her researches; but it is precisely in these qualities of artistic disposition and good writing that Carte fails—as Dr. Johnson says, "It is a book of authority, but ill-written, diffused into too many words." It is true, also, that she had to her hand the admirable, if somewhat unequal, summaries of the Ormonde papers published by the Historical Manuscripts Commission, and a number of similar aids—that, in fact, there was a superabundance of material—but this only added to her task. It speaks well for the way in which this task of arrangement was done that only one error of date has been found (noticed here that Lady Burghclere may correct it in a future edition) on page 75 of Vol. II. The Irish Parliament did not meet in July, 1663, and the event referred to occurred two years later. It may be suggested, too, that Cromwell's magnanimity to Ormonde on his secret visit to England in 1658 was probably the fruit of Thurloe's knowledge of the Royalist position in this country and abroad.

On the larger historical questions involved, the author takes what may be called the moderate liberal view,

following to a great extent the lead of Gardiner, who is now entering, one gathers, on the period of depreciation. With a smaller field than Gardiner, she has had much greater success in unravelling the table of opposing factions—one can hardly call them armies—which made Ireland one vast battlefield in the last years of Charles I. We have at last a book to which an English reader may be referred when he desires to form a clear idea of the Irish Rebellion of 1641-1649, and of the Restoration Settlement of 1663-1675. This at once stamps it as a valuable and permanent addition to our literature, a standard work on those periods of Irish history. Grace of style, good printing, and adequate illustration are but the frame needed to show the picture Lady Burghclere has drawn for us to full advantage.

HISTORICUS.

1812

La Campagne de 1812. Mémoires du Margrave de Bade.
Translated, with Introduction and Notes, by ARTHUR CHUQUET. (Fontemoing and Co., Paris.)

IT is the age of centenaries. Hardly a month passes without our learning that a hundred or two hundred years have passed since this poet or statesman first saw the light, or that general or inventor closed his eyes on the world. Many newspapers reprint every day pieces of intelligence that were news, and exciting news, just a century ago. Some of these centenaries leave us cold; their appeal is directed to a special circle, or we feel that the event celebrated was an isolated one, and has had no great repercussion on the subsequent march of history. But the retreat from Moscow is an event of such tremendous historical importance and of such extraordinary dramatic quality that to be reminded of it must touch chords in the most unresponsive breast. To begin with, it was, in one of its aspects at least, a great disaster; it means, at any rate, the shipwreck of the highest enterprise and the haughtiest hopes that modern Europe has witnessed, and, from the fall of Troy down to the daily newspaper, there is nothing that moves the human mind more profoundly than a tale of failure and sudden downfall.

The narrative edited and translated by M. Chuquet is not new. It is contained in the general memoirs of the Margrave William of Baden; all the editor has done is to give it a more detached and readable form, adorned with notes, biographical and otherwise, some of them helpful, others only interesting to the most exacting Napoleonic specialist; an exception may be made of the many suggestive parallels quoted from the works or memoirs of Chambray, Griois, Ségur, Castellane, and others.

It would be difficult to find a truer or more moving account of this great transaction. The writer, Margrave William of Baden, though only twenty years old at the time of the expedition, had the command of the contingent from Baden. His brigade, forming part of the

ninth corps, did not go to Moscow, but had to guard communications, the farthest point reached by it being Smolensk. Even in the early stages of the expedition its losses were great, mostly through cold and disease, but from the moment when the Margrave's troops saw themselves rejoined by the relics of what had been the "Grande Armée" the forces of dissolution acquired a ghastly momentum. The final review of the contingent was held at Königsberg in a barn.

The most thrilling moment in the memoirs is that already referred to, when the main body of the army began to reappear on its homeward march after the bitter disillusionment of Moscow. We will quote the description of the writer :—

J'aperçus d'abord vingt aigles environ, portés par des sous-officiers. Plusieurs généraux suivaient, les uns à pied, les autres à cheval, et plusieurs de ces officiers supérieurs avaient des manteaux de femme, faits de soie et garnis de Zibeline. Puis vint un plus grand nombre de soldats sans armes, en tout 500 hommes peut-être, le reste d'un corps d'armée qui était entré en campagne avec 30 à 40,000 hommes !

This was the Polish contingent, but other portions of the "Grande Armée" were in no better plight. The ninth corps, as being comparatively intact, had now to bear a principal share of the fighting, and its heroic struggles ensured the passage of the Beresina. This grim episode is admirably retold, with all its brutalities and horrors ; but justice is done to the many flashes of heroism that lit up its sombre terrors. In the dissolution of the great army the stragglers and deserters proved not the least of its encumbrances. Large motley bands from the allied army were roaming about, without ranks or officers, and had sometimes to be dislodged by force of arms from the quarters they had appropriated.

The Margrave of Baden passes no judgment on the expedition, and makes no explicit attempt to account for the *débâcle*. Nevertheless, it would be easy to collect from his memoirs passages where the weak points of the undertaking are shown. Thus he has many complaints to make of the insufficiency of the preparations, of the shortage of horses, and so forth. And, perhaps more important still, he indicates the existence of lively international jealousies, due mainly to the pride and arrogance of the French. This phenomenon became even more marked after the beginning of the catastrophe, and we learn that in the worst days of the retreat no German dared approach a French watch-fire. All these elements of insuccess must have helped to emphasise the intrinsic hopelessness of the superbest of human blunders. Perhaps the most striking illustration of the utter demoralisation of the "Grande Armée" is contained in the confession of one of the members of that derelict host whose aspect first told the Margrave the issue of the undertaking ; on seeing the orderly troops of the ninth corps, "Loin de rougir de notre détresse," says Griois, "nous sourions à l'idée qu'elles seraient sous peu à notre niveau."

Shorter Reviews

A Child's Thoughts

Behind the Night-Light: The By-World of a Child of Three.
Described by JOAN MAUDE, and Faithfully Recorded
by NANCY PRICE. (John Murray. 2s. 6d. net.)

WE knew a man, highly distinguished in his profession, and a Member of Parliament, who could see no fun in "Alice in Wonderland." He was too matter-of-fact to appreciate its humour. So, too, there may be some whom "Behind the Night-Light" will fail to amuse. But most readers will find novelty and pleasure in these expressions of a little girl's thoughts, uttered naturally without any idea of their being recorded. The difficulty of fathoming a child's mind is notorious. Here is a child unconsciously delivering herself of her innermost fancies, her mental creations, giving names and forms to the products of her imagination ; and a strange little world of animals it is that she has conjured up for herself. Of their genuineness and reality to her there can be little doubt, though the *dramatis personæ* assume unconventional shapes and their actions are not on the ordinary lines. The little authoress's descriptions, in her own childish language, of her weird friends are inconsequential, but exactly what an imaginative child might say, regardless of grammar. Hibbertoo is "always smiley-face, even on wet days." Bulf-coo is "so good," "most terrible good": "it's more difficult to be naughty in spectacles"; the Jaat family "are very wise but not a bit funny." Everybody collects something, from fun, shoes, bunnies, string, etc., etc., to rubbish—a habit not peculiar to childhood.

There is room now and then for a book of this kind, as a variation; it will not bear frequent repetition. More than one "Little Lord Fauntleroy" could hardly have been tolerated. The quaintness and unconscious merit of this little book many grown-up people will enjoy; to the children it will be a delightful gift-book. One would like to hear some day of the future writings of this child-authoress; she should be allowed some freedom in her literary development.

Socialism and Character. By VIDA D. SCUDDER. (J. M. Dent and Sons. 5s. net.)

We congratulate the author on a valiant attempt to raise Socialism—the ideal Socialism—above the influences of human passions and weaknesses, and to give reality to the promise of a new heaven and a new earth: we sympathise with the failure of the attempt. "The Socialist movement, alike in Europe and America," we are told, "taken in the large, fosters disinterestedness in its adherents to a degree realised by no other modern force." We select this from the mass of desirable quotations by reason of the force which it gains from the recent coal strike—there was instanced the effect of this fostering of disinterestedness, presumably. It is to be hoped that the next example placed before us will have less of material damage in it for those who are not parties to the discussion.

It may be unfair, however, to criticise so bulky a book by one quotation from its contents, and we would fain be fair to this work. We are rather in doubt, though, as to its actual conclusions, as well as with regard to the sex of its author. We have read it once, to emerge somewhat bewildered, and life is not long enough for the second and more studious reading required for full comprehension of these piled-up facts, theories, and dogmatically stated certainties, which, after all, are only beliefs. We gather that abstract Socialism is a very beautiful thing—when the last man on earth has been converted to its principles, and when humanity has been moulded and trained to one uniform pattern of competitive co-operation. The author has an extensive vocabulary and a host of ideas, of which those we recognise as old friends are fairly well expressed, but the luminance and coherence of a great thinker's work are missing. Here is too great a mass of argument for the conclusions reached—or not reached, in some cases, as far as we can see. If the author desires to present the high ideals of Socialism in comprehensible form, we would advise him—or possibly her—to come down from complex sentences to simple, every-day language—since Socialism is for the democracy which talks simply and thinks straightforwardly; to abandon American spelling in an English edition; to realise that man's conception of God is not, as stated here, doomed to change with the world's progress, but is dependent on spiritual consciousness as distinct from mental change; and to grant, as a first postulate, that the efforts of reformers, revolutionists, and others who would alter the social system are overruled by the God who will shape the world's course when Socialism has gone the way of all man's efforts at changing his own nature.

Taoist Teachings from the Book of Lieh Tsu. Translated from the Chinese, with Introduction and Notes, by LIONEL GILES, M.A. (The "Wisdom of the East" Series. John Murray. 2s. net.)

MR. LIONEL GILES'S latest volume is the fourth he has contributed to the "Wisdom of the East" series, and those who have perused his previous books will find in the pages before us matter of even greater interest. The general reader will not, perhaps, fully appreciate all the subtleties of Taoism, and he may be inclined to regard Tao, "The Way," as rather a cowardly retreat from worldly responsibilities, and the disciples as men who have confounded spirituality with the effects of a disordered liver. Whether we accept or reject Taoism matters but little, and really does not very much lessen the enjoyment we derive from the stories illustrating Taoist teachings. Many of these tales are full of descriptive beauty, and not a few reveal very delightful humour and sound common sense.

We are told that King Mu built for his magician a wonderful pavilion. "It stood six thousand feet high, over-topping Mount Chung-nan, and it was called Touch-the-Sky Pavilion." The King filled this vast building with fair maidens "anointed with fragrant perfumes, provided with jewelled hairpins and earrings, and arrayed in the finest silks, with costly satin trains." One

day the magician took the King with him into the sky, and showed him a palace built "of gold and silver, and incrusted with pearls and jade. . . . The King verily believed that he was in the Halls of Paradise, tenanted by God Himself, and that he was listening to the mighty music of the spheres. He gazed at his own palace on the earth below, and it seemed to him no better than a rude pile of clods and brushwood."

Another story deals with an extraordinary automaton that even had the power of winking at the Court ladies. One of the most delightful tales in this volume relates how Yang-li Hua-tzü "was afflicted in middle age by the disease of amnesia." At length a learned professor, after remaining in the sick man's chamber for a week, cured his patient. Being, however, a Taoist story, the word "cure" is really a misnomer, for when Hua-tzü regained his senses he ill-treated his wife, and in great anger pursued the unfortunate professor. The story concludes with the lamentations of Hua-tzü, who observes: "Preservation and destruction, gain and loss, sorrow and joy, love and hate have begun to throw out their myriad tentacles to invade my peace. . . . Oh, if I could but recapture a short moment of that blessed oblivion!" Certainly Taoism has its advantages, but for the most part we prefer the stories connected with it, and these Mr. Giles has presented to us with considerable charm.

Fiction Under the Pompadour

A Robin Hood of France. By MICHAEL W. KAYE. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)

BY the aid of a little French history and a great deal of French romance Mr. Kaye has concocted a stirring story of the days of the Pompadour and Louis the Well-beloved. His Robin Hood of France is none other than the bandit Mandrin, who, after becoming a smuggler, next waged war against the tax-collectors and the wealthy, and with a band of followers even raided some of the smaller provincial towns and looted several châteaux. He was at length captured, broken on the wheel, and his remains burnt at Valence in 1755. That is the historical character, and beyond the fact that they were both outlaws there is little in common between him and our more or less legendary Robin Hood. The one roamed Sherwood Forest, the other the Forest of Fontainebleau, and some five centuries separated their two careers.

The same as with Robin Hood, many legends grew up around Mandrin's personality, and a number of romances have been written about him, and the present volume seems to us to bear internal evidence that the author has not hesitated to lay these freely under contribution, as he was perfectly entitled to do. From a low scoundrel like Jack Sheppard, or Dick Turpin, he idealises Mandrin into a gallant nobleman unjustly ac-

cused of a murder from which he is unable to exculpate himself, and is thus forced to fly the Court and seek shelter with other unfortunates under the greenwood tree. We cannot help thinking Mr. Kaye might have imparted quite sufficient local colour into his story without larding it on every other page with French expressions which, in spite of free education, the majority of his English readers will not understand. To many they will prove as irritating to read as the Scotticisms of the kail-yard literature of a generation or so ago.

These French phrases are printed in the ordinary type as though they were English words, and in many instances read very ridiculously, as, for instance, "convenable" (p. 87), which has a totally different meaning in English to what it has in French. The poor word "monsieur" has met with much ill-treatment at the hands of English writers, but we think "m'nsieur" (p. 60) the unkindest cut of all. And then the proper names, with their unnecessary wealth of accents, as Hérèm, Fréscines, will look peculiar to a Frenchman. The doublet (p. 34) was a garment worn from the fifteenth to the seventeenth centuries; Mr. Kaye should surely know that, save for fancy dress balls, it was a thing of the past in the second half of the eighteenth.

At the end of the first chapter the hero performed a feat worthy of an accomplished circus-rider, "as he rode on once more under a sound beast." And in describing a lady's eyes, the author writes—"the black eyes which Nature had made beautiful, training mischievous, and art incomparable." A pretty conceit, we suppose; but what does it mean? Nevertheless, "A Robin Hood of France" will provide plenty of entertainment for the not too particular reader, as most stories of love and adventure cannot fail to do.

The Labyrinth of Life. By E. A. U. VALENTINE. (J. M. Dent and Sons. 6s.)

BEFORE reading "The Labyrinth of Life," we had not heard of Mr. Valentine. Having read it, we are determined to miss nothing of Mr. Valentine's that may chance to come our way. Here is a book which stands out in welcome contrast to the mass of modern fiction. It is an acute and accurate study of character. The scene is laid in Paris, and the hero—though Mr. Valentine would doubtless disclaim such an appellation for Julian Harding, his principal character—is cursed with that most fatal gift of the gods, a literary temperament. When he meets Monica Eversley, a girl of noble ideals but of tainted ancestry, and afterwards, acting on the subtly-conveyed suggestion of an acquaintance, writes a novel in which the sins of Monica's forebears loom largely, it is not difficult to foresee trouble. He proposes: is refused: promises to destroy the manuscript: is finally accepted. But it proves an ill-assorted marriage. Monica, no less than Julian, is the possessor of a temperament, and the two temperaments fail to merge. Ultimately harmony is resolved from discord, but the price of peace will be found to have been a

heavy one. Apart from the main interest of the story Mr. Valentine has a happy gift for the delineation of character. Percy Colston, the decadent poet and lover of lapdogs; Buttercup, his frankly American wife; Mrs. Eversley, hugging the illusion of youth to her breast long after the reality has disappeared, the gentle and gracious Miss Vanderhurst—these are unforgettable types. "The Labyrinth of Life" is, indeed, a novel which justifies its readers in expecting really great things from its author.

Joseph in Jeopardy. By FRANK DANBY. (Methuen and Co. 6s.)

To the omnivorous reader Frank Danby and "Pigs in Clover" are indissoluble names, for the grip and passion of that earlier sombre work make it a book to be remembered. Here, again, we are faced with the same sombreness, the same oppressive atmosphere of *nouveaux riches* and cads in the form of younger sons of great houses; here is more finished and polished cynicism, but the fierce fire which illumined the scenes of the other book has died to a mere flicker in this—the passion and vigour of early work has given place to a colder style. This story of Joseph—whose other name, by the way, is Dennis Passifull—maintains, but hardly enhances, the authoress's reputation, for here we have a smaller subject treated in more masterly style. A Hardy or a Meredith, but none less than these, can so write that the smaller subject yields the greater book, and "Joseph in Jeopardy" is certainly not greater than its writer's earlier works.

Yet it is a very fascinating book. The growth of that small, inconspicuous Mabel Juxton, whom Dennis married, up to the place which a woman should take in her husband's life, is told with consummate skill; the manner in which Diana, the Potiphar's wife of the story, defeated her own ends is brought home to the reader with such force as to make of it a psychological revelation. And the work as a whole is full of strength—repellent, ugly strength—and rich in character-drawing of a somewhat brutal order. Its atmosphere is often depressing, and it is not a book to like—but it is decidedly a book worth reading.

The Unbeliever: A Romance of Lourdes. By a NON-CATHOLIC (A. K.) Illustrated. (R. and T. Washbourne. 3s. 6d.)

THE oft-told tale of Bernadette, a humble little peasant girl, who sees a vision of the Blessed Virgin in the grotto of Massabielle, and is commanded by her to tell the Curé of Lourdes to have a chapel built, and to encourage people to come there to pray, where, as soon as the surface of the soil was scratched, a flow of pure water issued, forms the foundation of a most interesting romance for all those whose imagination is sufficiently powerful to believe impossibilities. As to the power of mind over matter, if it be the power that will cure any of the people whose complaint is of a nature to be cured, such as cases of hysteria, well and good. But

to be told to believe that a young girl in the last stage of consumption, with a big piece out of one lung, is cured instantly and absolutely after an immersion in the sacred pool, is to ask the impossible. The description of Lourdes, which is a lovely Pyrenean village, is most interesting. But the details concerning the passengers by the *train blanc* from Paris are too realistic to be pleasant.

Music

"*On se lasse de tout*," said Voltaire, to excuse Candide for getting tired of his garden. Yes, indeed, "*on se lasse*." We remember hearing a distinguished musician say he was tired of the *Eroica Symphony*; we are acquainted with many persons, once devout worshippers, who are tired of "*The Ring*"; and as for those whom Gounod and Tchaikovsky have come at last to weary, their name is legion. Yet, how shocking it is to have had enough of great Beethoven! Were there not years when every sixpence was hoarded to pay for the journey to Bayreuth? And were we insincere in those far-off days when "*Faust*" and "*Romeo*" sent us into an ecstasy of happiness, or the later ones when the "*Pathetic Symphony*" seemed the last message from heaven? It is not unnatural that members of the musical profession should become apathetic to the beauties they have heard so often, but we are not speaking of them. Even aldermen, it may be supposed, tire, at times, of turtle. We are speaking of ordinary musical men and women who go to hear symphonies and operas only when they have a mind. Do they ever reflect, while the passion for some fine piece of music is on them, that it will probably wane, and do they shrink from allowing the possibility of such a thing? It may be that such reflections will prove to have been salutary, if they induce a resolve to be moderate in the enjoyment of some present delight; and we will own that we ourselves would welcome any controlling circumstances which should prevent our falling too much under the spell of the Russian Dancers who are once more entrancing the town, if we thought that our seeing so much of them now would in the future make us careless about seeing them at all.

But no, we cannot believe in such a possibility. There may be certain Ballets of which we do think we might get tired; but we will maintain that anyone who could ever be weary of the "*Sylphides*," to mention only the most exquisite of them all, must be a person too shocking and dangerous to be allowed to live; and, if such a monster could be conceived as one who would not sell all that he had, if such a sale would procure him another sight of Mme Anna Pavlova dancing in her own garden, why, death from something with boiling oil in it would be too tender a punishment for him. Such things as these are among the rare exceptions to the rule that one gets tired of everything. We have expressed before in these columns our conviction that

music out of doors, "music on the waters," for instance, can afford a more exquisite enjoyment than music in a concert-room or an opera-house. We once heard Jean de Reszké sing in a gondola at Venice, late at night, in perfect weather, and can truthfully say that that short moment gave us an intenser feeling of the divinity of music than any of those hours at Covent Garden when he sang *Tristan* or *Siegfried*. We were conscious of the same conviction when Mme Pavlova danced the other day, on her own lawn, lighter and more fragrant than the zephyr which sought enviously to follow her steps; with a setting of shady trees and the spreading fields of Middlesex for a background. This was the Divinity of Dancing at home. One felt that this was the supremely beautiful thing that the delicious art could show, and the remembrance of it, perhaps, served to make us more difficult to please than usual when we saw the new Ballets at Covent Garden—the theatre being crowded and hot. Still, we must rank "*Thamar*" very high, for its wondrous colour, and its music by Balakirev, which seemed to us extraordinarily well fitted for the scene, beautifully orchestrated, and as "atmospheric" as you please. Oh, oh, what a sinister note was that which kept resounding when first we saw pale Thamar on her bed! Except for those who are curious in orchestral ingenuity it would not be effective music in a concert-programme, but as an aid to the action of the ballet it was admirable. It does what it is meant to do, and never draws our attention away from the stage that we may listen the more attentively to some attractive but irrelevant passage of "absolute" music.

That Queen Thamar was but another specimen of the Cleopatra type of men-bewitching women did not trouble us the least. We should be quite ready to see both "*Thamar*" and "*Cleopatra*" on the same evening, provided that something like the "*Sylphides*" or the "*Spectre de la Rose*" came as a sedative between them. The telling of the "*Thamar*" story is done very concisely, and though this is perhaps the grimdest of the Russian ballet-tragedies, it is not so painful as "*Cleopatra*." The swift madness of the Dagger Dance made one gasp, and the combined effect of the icy surroundings of the palace, the Persian luxury of the interior, the scimitars gleaming, the sense of lust and savagery, the compliance of the courtiers, the sudden, awful ending of the Prince's quarter of an hour of almost insane delight, the whole thing is so thrilling that one sees the curtain fall with almost a feeling of relief that the horror is over.

"*L'Oiseau de Feu*" contains one of the most charming instances of the delight of dancing which the Russians have yet given us, but as a whole it is too much like the fairy pantomime to which we have been accustomed from our childhood, to strike a new note of rejoicing. True, it is as good a pantomime as could be desired, and it is really a fairy story put on to the stage, without any of the interpolations and excrescences which form the staple of British pantomimes; still, with the one exception of Mme Karsavina's perfect part as the Bird, the dancing is not of the kind which chiefly

captures our eyes, and the displays of colour are not remarkable in the sense that those of "Thamar" certainly are. Indeed, the scene of the young ladies in their nightgowns, who look as if they had escaped from Miss Pinkerton's Seminary, was even a little dull. But Karsavina's Bird is the most enchanting sprite in feathers ever dreamt of by ornithologists in painting or poetry. It seems to us that this greatly gifted enchantress is this year revealing powers of a higher order than those with which we had formerly credited her. Scarcely were we prepared for her masterly miming as Thamar, and as a dancer of the utmost grace and charm she surpassed herself as the Bird. Mme Piltz, also, was delightful to watch, and Mlle Nijinska's light agility becomes more and more marvellous. His many admirers may not improbably complain that they are seeing too little of M. Nijinsky, but he is still there in the "Sylphides" and the "Carneval," as supreme among the male dancers as before. We should not forget to say that M. Stravinsky's music to "L'Oiseau de Feu" is appropriate and pleasant.

In the concert world the great event has been the playing of M. Paderewski at the concert of the London Symphony Orchestra. By what art of concealing art he made Chopin's F minor Concerto sound so lovely none but he himself can say. The combination of qualities which go to make up such a performance must defy the analysis of the most diligent inquirer. But however wise it would be for pianists to try to discover M. Paderewski's secret, in the hope of being able to play Chopin with something of his dignified serenity, and that sweetness which is so thoroughly purged of all sentimentality, it is best for amateurs to listen and enjoy without seeking to learn too much. Our conviction is that the cleverest of would-be imitators might as well hope, by study, to look like M. Paderewski, or to walk on to a platform like him, as to play as he does. Herr Mengelberg has been at Queen's Hall again, and given another of his unrivalled renderings of "Ein Hildenleben." As played under this great conductor, the once-dreaded piece loses its terrors and shines forth nobly, superbly.

Art at the Outposts of Empire

By HALDANE MACFALL.

IT is a strange fact that, whilst nearly every Englishman "talks large" of Empire and of the Imperial race, and of "hands across the seas," and the like handsome sentiment, he ignores our Colonial kin about as thoroughly as though he hated them. Let us take our English attitude towards the poets at the outposts of this wondrous realm of ours. In London, this summer, may be seen the paintings of two fine Canadian landscapists. The lyric poems of Archibald Browne and the virile hand in pastoral and woodland scenes of Homer Watson give more than a strong hint of the vigorous breed upon our frontiers. These are not the only ones—they are but two out of several. Yet we have a

heavily endowed official Royal Academy that makes no slightest advance to give these men hospitality, far less honour. Why cannot this official body, in return for the manifold honours and benefits showered upon it by the King, do something to further the Royal interest and give substance to the keen sympathy of the King for his vast inheritance? Surely it needs no prodigious self-sacrifice for the Royal Academy to give at least one room every summer to the display of the genius of the Colonies in painting and sculpture! What is the value of all our protestations of fellowship with the Colonies if we treat them as our Cinderellas, and fling them the rags of neglect in the back kitchen of our high estate? The Academicians can ill afford to patronise the Colonial breed; nay, it were no bad thing for the Academy to learn from them. Were there a Colonial room at every summer show, it might brace up the sluggish energies of that august body more than a little.

Both Archibald Browne and Homer Watson are tried and tested artists who have established reputations, though 'tis likely enough that the Royal Academy has never heard of them. At the Goupil Gallery is a display of the lyrical art of Archibald Browne which reveals an exquisite poetic sense that conjures up for us at home the mysteries that lie over the land of Canada. His sensitive touch and romantic vision weave from the scenes of his native land those twilight moods that are aroused in the senses out of the dusk between the day and night the world over, but added thereto is the haunting call of the Canada that has bred him and is his love. It is a far different land from the silvery land of France, and Browne's art is not the art of Corot; but between the two men is a lyric brotherhood that tells of a like subtlety of vision, a like sweetness of disposition, a like content, and a romantic love of the land that has yielded its allure into their hearts from childhood. To say this is to say that Browne is a genuine poet, gifted with singer's skill to utter the music that is in him. Whether he sing the sweet-sad mood of the gloaming, charged with that haunting spirit of twilight that is as a gentle sigh, or of the dawn; whether he walks by the watery ways where the sluggish blue tide sweeps idly by the mud flats, or takes us amongst the dreamy meadow-lands or by the edge of the woodlands, this man is fresh enough of vision and pure enough of manhood to compel his art to utter the mood of the thing seen, rather than surrender his soul to mere tricks of thumb. In him and in his breed is no weariness of living, no mere concern with craftsmanship; he is of the fresh and blithe frontier race who are glad to be alive, from whom romance has not been withheld. And if our cockney souls have become so bored that the freshness of the dewy morning and the spirit of the twilight have ceased to stir our senses, then of a surety 'tis well for us that there are eyes upon the frontiers that have not forgotten how to see, and hearts that are not ashamed to feel. Of the largeness of our realm this man utters a part, and it is a sincere utterance that we should do well to encourage instead of ignoring. Some

critic has patronised the art of this man because there is nothing of the thunder of Niagara in his canvases, and an absence of the Rockies! But Providence must be blamed, not Archibald Browne, for not bringing Niagara as far as Toronto (though it did its best) and for omitting to fling the giant ravines of the Rockies into the city. Surely cockney concept of art rarely showed more exquisitely than this!

In Homer Watson, as three or four of his displayed canvases witness, we have a virile and forceful poet of the pastoral life, and, above all, of the woodland life of his native land. Here is a man whose sincere art descends to him, as by hereditary vision, from the great English landscape painters—an art through which the men of Barbizon, by their mastery, proved us to be kin to the Northern Frenchmen. Homer Watson's bold handling and loaded brush might have been trained by Constable and Crome and Rousseau and the men of Barbizon, of whom he knew nothing until his art was confirmed and his name honoured in Canada. But he has—as his sincerity of vision was bound to give him, even if his schooling gave him none—a touch, a vision, and handling apart and all his own, which are skilfully employed in the rendering of great trees and in the stern and dramatic landscapes so typical of the pastoral life of Canada. The russet hues of autumn amongst the woodlands seem to bring out all his strength; and he catches the moods of the forest with a certainty of grip and a vigour of handling that give a marked personal quality to all that he essays. With a fine sense of arrangement that is of prodigious value to a man who essays to paint the baffling vistas of the woodlands, which would otherwise become confused and indeterminate, he sings their splendour and their strength with the voice of a man. His massing is of that solid kind that never allows weakness to bring hesitancy to his moods, and his trees are of the stuff that is but shaken by the storms. Your ordinary man might easily pass by his art, for he beckons with no cheap tricks or flashy technique. Solemn strength and dignified massing are in all that he creates, and these qualities do not make for bravura nor parlour tricks. Such a man does not mistake for music the high note of the operatic star.

I wondered as I stood before the sincere art of these two poets, whether Canada herself realises that she has poets in her midst, or whether her rich and well-to-do are "furnishing" their walls with pictures persuaded upon them by the dealers—wondered whether the "faked" Barbizon landscapes and the machine-made "masterpieces" of the picture-factories of Holland are being flung upon the people at great price, whilst the native genius is being passed by. It is a matter for pride in Canada that a people who have torn the forest out of the waste and raised a mighty realm amidst a vast continent should already be bursting into song, and that there are arising amongst her virile breed such artists as these, of whom two may be seen in London to-day. It is not easily credible that Canada does not

realise her own splendour, yet we have before us the historic tragedy of the Dutch, who, even whilst they brought forth their greatest genius, from Rembrandt and Hals and Vermeer onwards, let their greatest starve whilst they gave fortunes to the mediocrities and poured money into the purses of tenth-rate aliens.

I have my suspicions. A while ago a conversation arose about the taste of the people of Canada. One who knew Canada well boasted that more than one rich man had a great collection of pictures, whilst many who were well-to-do possessed paintings by modern Europeans! I found that he meant collections of old masters, and the sale of the machine-made picture in mimicry of the school of Israels and Bosboom and Mauve and the rest. So the dealers in these wares have not kept their traffic for America alone! But, I asked, what about living art in Canada? Does not the native genius of Canada sing to the people? I know the art of several fine Canadian painters. Do the well-to-do buy these living things that hymn the romance of their native land? Does Canada realise that she has poets amongst her own people, or does she give ear to the persuasive syren-voice of the dealers in faked things? But they that had been boasting were dumb.

But how can we blame Canada for seeking after false gods in art when the worship lies so heavily upon our own souls? There is an awakening here and in France, and in that awakening is a strange significance. Many who have been lumbering their houses with mediocre specimens of "old masters" are selling them that they may possess the works of the modern genius. They even realise that as a commercial investment good modern works of art *pay*. There is some tribulation and hesitation; for the remarkable technical dexterity of much of the clever work, and the smartness of much of the showy sleight of hand in our midst make for confusion. But the supreme test of a work of art, when all is said and done, is the poetic sincerity that it breathes. The craftsmen are many, but the singers how few! There are giants like Brangwyn who hymn their age, who sing the might of our race to-day, its triumph of toil and its conquest over the earth and the elements. There are artists content to be poets, even if they walk the desert of neglect to sing their age and their land and people. These go their way, uttering the music and revelation that life has poured into their senses, indifferent to vogues and careless of the shops. And it is good to see that Canada has brought forth sons who are not the least of these.

The Phrasemaker

HE whom we may without impertinence call the Phrasemaker is not one of the violent protagonists of literature. He has not shouted in triumph upon the mountain-top nor fled shrieking through the haunted wood. He has but little idea of the depth and vividness of life, concerns himself a great deal with trifles, and hardly has it in him to do justice to a memorable

catastrophe. We cannot imagine him at war with the gods of civilisation, perched in a sixth-floor garret, cramped over a bare wooden table, tousled and feverish, spattering his fingers with ink and his soul with daemonic dreams. We cannot see him roaming the city, black-browed and anarchistic, growling behind an enormous pipe, and sneering beneath the lamp-post at the passing personified follies of life. He does not sit up until strange hours of the midnight nor arrange his meals in a fantastic schedule. He is as regular in his habits as an archdeacon; he shaves and has his boots blacked. One might set a clock by him without risk of serious error; seldom does he allow his breakfast to grow cold in waiting. He is a commonplace person, a product of ease and study, of quiet desires and facile happiness.

He sits by the fire with a pad of paper upon his knee and reviews the pageant of the coals, or by an open window in summer he draws sentiment from the evening and sets it upon paper in a perfume of fine language. He proceeds with deliberation in his work, has a neat handwriting, holds pen or pencil just so and seldom makes a false start, since, before putting a stroke on the paper, he has gone through a whole elaborate ritual of choice and arrangement. His greatest doubt is to be torn between two phrases seemingly equal in point of beauty; then will he wander from one to the other like a devoted gardener among his roses, touching a flower of language here and there, smiling and putting his head on one side in a critical attitude. In his greatest triumph he is restrained; his pen moves no faster over his darling sentence than that of an engrosser over the title of a deed. He seems rather to emblazon than to write his words, forming his letters as if they themselves were to appear for the world to read and were not destined to be thrust aside by a torrent of vulgar leaden type.

In thought the Phrasemaker is apt to be superficial, for he finds the exact arrangement of small things so fascinating that he can take little interest in the rough-hewing of large questions. And this superficiality is as much an intention as an effect; in his creed the word is as mighty as the thought, humanly speaking, and he who can form a perfect sentence has in him the power to produce a perfect book. The many examples to the contrary the Phrasemaker lays at the door of carelessness, to remove which from literary language is his aim and ambition. Towards that goal he marches with steady gaze and even tread; nothing can turn him aside from his path. Even ridicule, being a thing less exquisite than that which on his part calls it forth, is negligible to him. If he is not a fanatic, it is because his method forbids any extreme save that of beauty, which after all is not an extreme but a golden mean. He is the perfect man of letters; compared with him all others are but amateur or professional authors. He alone has no thought unconnected with literature.

To this man comes bitter as death the assertion that art is merely an adjunct of sociology. For him words and phrases live a perfect life of their own, and should not be plagued by outside interference. They dwell in

a land of visions into which Poor Law Reports, Statistics of Birth and Marriage and other official documents enter only to scatter ruin. The brutal, mercenary and vulgar sides of life the Phrasemaker shrinks from by instinct, and it is probable that he sees a certain coarseness in the God who permits them. He is not intimate with either heaven or earth as they are seen by the mass of men; he has fashioned his own battle-ground and his own chosen Nirvana from one single ideal and activity.

In the end he comes to see most things through a veil of fine language. Nature becomes for him a box of many small compartments containing colours and tints and tones, from among which he selects the most beautiful and weaves them into a pattern of his own design. Whether that design has any ultimate meaning or no does not concern the Phrasemaker; he judges it by its appeal to his own conception of beauty. There is thus a touch of ineffectuality about him, for he will not take his subject-matter as it comes, and embroider both the mud-puddles and the rose-gardens of life into his art. He insists upon selecting and refining; he has a horror of decadence, which robuster minds rather incline to view as a tasty morsel in the varied feast of art. He shuts his eyes to everything but perfection; he handles language like a diamond-cutter's tool, and will not employ it to slice Dutch cheese or black bread. He is blameless in his intentions, but often absurd in his scruples. He is behind the times, a phantom of another age who still wanders pensively in search of that bubble of art which our grandfathers used to call Style.

R. T. C.

At St. Stephen's Shrine

BY A REGULAR DEVOTEE.

BY sap and mine and deadly parallel the Opposition are slowly but surely investing the fortress of the Government. On Wednesday, 19th, an interesting attack was made owing to the action of a philosophical Radical named Dickinson, the Member for St. Pancras. Of good family, well educated, clever, and intensely in earnest, he is one of the men whom all his friends as well as his foes thought would go far. By common consent he is a much abler man than many of his late colleagues on the L.C.C. who are now higher up the ladder. It was characteristic of him to move that Ireland did not need and should not have a Senate or Second Chamber. A considerable number of his neighbours held the same view, while the whole of the Labour men are "single Chamber men" to a man.

The Government did not mind; the motion would be the means of letting off a little steam. Dickinson was an "awfully nice fellow don't you know," and he had not had many opportunities lately of displaying his neat eloquence, so they lounged on the front bench and listened indulgently. As a faithful recorder I am bound to set down here, to my great grief, an error that the Unionists made in tactics. In my humble opinion we ought to have let the philosophical Radicals and the Labour men talk to their heart's content. The latter

there is no reason to doubt would have pledged themselves up to the hilt against a second chamber. To avert suspicion we might have put up one of those careful men on the second bench who can be depended upon to make a good speech on anything at a moment's notice—Hume-Williams, perhaps, for choice. With no suspicion that we were going to vote with them they would have gaily flocked into the lobby followed by ourselves when it was too late for retreat. Unfortunately, however, Hugh Cecil chipped in and was followed by Mr. Balfour. The latter, freed from the cares of leadership, enjoyed himself immensely. He had no thought of party tactics, and with his long thin fingers piercing the air in front of him he developed his views; for he loved the paradox of the position. Briefly, the contention of the Unionists was this: You say the new Parliament is to be a subordinate one—if so, what can it want with a Second Chamber? We believe in Second Chambers, but not as part of subordinate assemblies. You have swept away the power of the British House of Lords, and we agree with Mr. Dickinson and his friends, who at least are logical in wanting to do away with Second Chambers wherever they can.

The Radicals sat up with amazement. Asquith was sought and the engagement became general. Mr. J. Martin, another Liberal from St. Pancras, who hails from Canada, unexpectedly appeared on one of the battlements and dropped a huge stone on his friends who were defending the glacis below. He was a born Home Ruler like most Canadians, but he did not believe in Second Chambers. He had been Prime Minister of British Columbia, and they hadn't one there. He was only in favour of giving Ireland a purely local Parliament; and he should vote for the amendment.

John Redmond implored the Labour men not to desert him. "Think of all the years Ireland had stood by Labour!" he said. "If Ireland wanted a toy of this kind which soothed her *amour propre* and made her think her Parliament a real one, why not let her have her way. Do not, do not sacrifice the Bill on a wrecking amendment."

Ramsay MacDonald was in a very tight place, but he did not flinch. The ditch was a yawning ugly one, but it must be crossed. This was no time for scruples. Cramming his hat down on his head, and shutting his eyes, he rammed in the spurs. He was in favour of Single Chamber government, but he and his Socialist allies would vote for the Government! For the hundredth time the "Independent" Labour Party had obediently crawled to heel at the crack of the Government whip, and the Bill was saved by 89.

On Thursday the Government showed signs of the battering they had the day before. I am so pleased with my metaphor of the siege that I cannot help continuing it by saying it looked as if a truce were declared so that they might repair the breaches made yesterday, or hold a council of war with their allies. At all events the Ministry have suddenly declared an enormous interest in supply which they never did before, and Home Rule is adjourned until the week after next.

On Friday we had a field-day on Land Valuation. Mr. Royds declared the Department cost the country half a million, that is cost the landowners another million a year, and that after three years only one-fifth of the land had been valued.

Lloyd George accused Royds of inaccuracy, who was in turn vigorously defended by Pretyman. Pretyman was a soldier with a business head who unexpectedly came into a splendid property in the Eastern Counties and has since devoted his life to managing his estates. What he does not know about Agriculture is not worth knowing, for he founded the Land Union for the purpose of protecting the farmer and the landlord and exposing the unfairness of the land taxes, and it must be confessed that in the Courts he has been extremely successful. He quoted case after case until finally Lloyd George took refuge in that last resort of the destitute—the promise of an inquiry into the administration of land taxation by experts. This concession, which will stave off inquiry for a time, did not prevent the majority going down to 79.

I think it was Keir Hardie who first made the epoch-making discovery that if you feel it is time to have an advertisement that the cheapest way to do it is to buy and wear a funny hat. He has had many imitators, and the last one was Handel Booth, "our man Friday" of the Government, who turned up in a straw hat which played at being a felt Homburg. It was received with great hilarity, and I am only copying all the papers by giving it further advertisement. This is by the way, but these side-lights on the idiosyncrasies of coming statesmen will be useful to the historian in the future.

It will be remembered that on Friday, 14th inst., we were ultimately successful in staving off the Registration Bill by means of the little Bill to allow clergymen to sit on municipal bodies. On Friday, 21st, the situation was reversed. The Unionist Social Reform Committee's Bill had successfully emerged from the Committee upstairs, and was thus the second order. We wanted now to pass the little Bill and get on to Griffith-Boscawen's useful measure on Housing.

Not a bit of it; the Radicals paid us back in our own coin. We withdrew all our amendments to the Corporation Bill, but the Radicals were not ashamed, in the absence of views of their own, to adopt and use them all the afternoon. As a militant politician I cannot and do not pretend to pose as an impartial recorder, but we think that while we were justified in defeating a far-reaching measure to jerry-mander the political machinery, they were neither fair nor wise in killing a useful Bill for the better Housing of the Working-classes.

Revenge is sweet, but on the platforms throughout the country the Radicals may find it has cost them dear. The *Daily News* seems to be uneasily aware of this. McKenna has been battered about all this week by questions; the Strike has broken down. It is a miserable fiasco, and Ben Tillett has been mercilessly exposed in the *Daily Express*—as a diner at Frascati's and as one who has his face massaged at Carter's at 3s. a time.

On Monday we all came down to hear how the Chancellor intended to deal with his enormous surplus of six and a half millions, which he had coolly transferred to a suspense account in case it was wanted unexpectedly (*a*) to repair the ravages of the Coal Strike; (*b*) to build ships for the Navy and other emergencies. Weeks have gone by and all sorts of uncharitable suggestions have been made in the Press. He kept quiet about the Navy and people began to think he intended using it further to popularise his party by bribes to the electorate in some shape or way. Other people said he must spend two millions of it on the Insurance Act to square the doctors. Nothing is more possible than the unforeseen. Mr. Lloyd George rebuked the Press for their unchristian charity and became a model Chancellor. The Germans had increased their Navy vote by 750,000—well, he would go one better and let Winston have £1,000,000 for a similar purpose. Nothing could be more patriotic.

Next he became a great Imperialist and devoted half a million to Uganda—that Uganda which Tim Healy once likened to Ireland, and incidentally contrived to put such peculiar emphasis on the word while addressing an inoffensive Ministerialist of those days, that it looked as if he was designating him personally as a male lamellirostral bird. Again, I regret to record, uncharitable suspicions arose. Uganda is one of those places in the British Empire where cotton can be grown. Cotton is needed in Manchester. It is believed George Kemp, who sits for North-West Manchester, is about to apply for that distinguished office of profit under the Crown known as the "Steward of the Chiltern Hundreds." This will necessitate a bye-election, and it will be useful for the Radicals to be able to say: "See what our Government is doing for the good of that division in the shape of encouraging another cotton market."

Finally he became a purist of High Finance with very proper leanings towards paying off debt. The balance of £5,000,000 he devoted to the Sinking Fund. He had fairly taken the wind out of the Tories' sails. You might criticise it and suggest more for the Navy, but no one could vote against any of his proposals, and most people went away to dinner, whilst Lloyd George left the Court—I mean the House—without a stain on his astuteness.

About 11 the Tea Duty came on and an ardent Tariff Reformer, with great ideas on Colonial preference, named Cooper, moved to reduce the tax on British grown tea from 5d. to 4d. Masterman flipantly replied and jeered at this tardy raising "of the tattered banner of Colonial preference." The reply came with startling suddenness: the Unionists trooped into the Lobby and the Government majority went down to 22, and but for the mistake of an aide-de-camp would have disappeared altogether. It was like taking a bastion and being driven out again.

I have not space to record all the attacks on the unhappy McKenna—over the women in prison and over the men on strike who attack the free labourer and ought to be—but on Tuesday an incident occurred

which is almost unprecedented in the annals of the House.

"My friend" Lansbury, as Lloyd George called him, is a mild good-tempered man, with mid-Victorian whiskers and a plaintively ignorant manner. On Tuesday he marched up the floor of the House, and in a tempest of passion, shook his fist in Asquith's face, denouncing him for murdering women and driving them mad by forcibly feeding them while in prison for breaking innocent tradesmen's windows. It is a tradition with Speakers to avoid extremes if they possibly can, but a great many of the older members on both sides of the House felt that Mr. Lowther did not show his customary resource. He allowed Lansbury to stand where he was standing. He mildly called Order, and instead of "naming him" permitted two or three minutes for reflection while the Member for Bow and Bromley, with his head in his hands (as if he were wrapt in prayer for guidance) considered whether he would obey the Speaker's order to withdraw or not. Philip Snowden advised him not to, but Ramsay MacDonald said he ought to—so he went out, obviously reluctantly, while the House went on to discuss Woods and Forests until 7.40, when it adjourned.

The Theatre

The Irish Players

ONE of the most interesting performances in the present visit of the Irish Players to London was that of "Maurice Harte," by Mr. T. C. Murray; and for several reasons. For one thing, we think it was the first time that the Abbey Theatre company undertook to produce one of their plays elsewhere than at home for a first performance. For ourselves, doubtless for personal reasons, we do not welcome the change in policy. It seems to us that Dublin should still retain that distinction—for distinction it undoubtedly is. Then it was the second play by an author whose first play, "Birthright," we ourselves, in common with a good many others, acclaimed last year. A promise was raised (more than a mere promise, indeed!), and it was interesting to see how this was advanced towards fulfilment. And certainly the result of it on one's emotions at the conclusion was not exactly easy to define.

Very wisely Mr. Murray chose in "Maurice Harte," as he had chosen in "Birthright," a simple situation. It is out of simple situations that drama is best evolved—out of which, indeed, the most subtle complexities arise. Maurice is a student at Maynooth, the training college for the clergy; and is therefore the source of considerable pride to his parents, who are small farmers. Only, as usually happens, this glory of theirs has not been without its price; and, again as usually happens, he himself is without knowledge of the nature of the price. As the play opens his mother is discovered talking with her sister, and one learns in the dialogue that

Mrs. Harte has accumulated a heavy load of debt in order that Maurice should take orders. Only, she does not in any way begrudge it, for were not Maurice's aptness and learning commented on by the Bishop, is not a great future prognosticated for him, and is he not just about to be ordained? Then this mountain of debt that she shows her sister can be reduced; and with her son as a priest the recompense will be more than complete. To this the son enters. When she asks him what he is reading he tells it is of a man who was a great source of pride to his parents, whose early aptitude for learning was such that his schoolmaster was interested and recommended him for orders; how his parents at last consented to allow this, and worked hard to achieve it; and how, at last, when he was within a few months of ordination, he discovered that he had no "vocation." His mother laughs at the thought of a "vocation" being necessary, saying that this would come with time; but that, at any rate, she was glad that such was not the case with her son. But from the way in which he has told his tale it is fairly evident that the case in question is none other than his own. Simply, thus, the dramatic situation is outlined.

Maurice confides his difficulty to Father Mangan—who is horrified, for he knows what Maurice has cost his parents, and how their hopes are built on him. But at last he undertakes to break the news to them. And they are devastated. When the aged Father leaves them, to say that they are crushed with a sense of ruin is to put the situation at its true value. And when Maurice returns to them, his mother, his father, and his brother cry out on him for the ruin he is bringing on them. Still he remains obdurate—till he learns of the weight of debt that has been incurred on his behalf. Then he, in great torture of mind, decides to bow to their will, and do what to him seems the most terrible sacrilege. On the opening of the second act Michael and Ellen Harte are again discovered; and one learns that it is almost the eve of their second son Owen's marriage, whom Maurice is coming to wed. Everything is all well again. Great news comes to hand of Maurice's successes at college, and all the early trouble is forgotten. Then Father Mangan comes in to say that he is the bearer of bad news. Slowly, bit by bit, the tortured parents wring from him the fact that Maurice has had a breakdown; and that he is, in fact, returning at that moment for a rest. All through the dialogue of this Mr. Murray very skilfully conveys the sense of a trouble far beyond the weight of the words. Maurice is brought in. He is pale, thin, and very strange. Then it becomes apparent that he is not less than a lunatic; he has been driven insane by the thought of being compelled to what he considers as sacrilege; and the play closes on Ellen Harte's heart-breaking cry.

We have given the "plot" at length in order that it might be possible to examine more adequately why, despite all its strength and its undoubted sense of deep tragedy, the final feeling is that somewhere and somehow the play leaves an uneasy dissatisfaction. It is possible to say, for example, that to lay down the enor-

mity of not having a "vocation" as a postulate of the play is weak because its nature is so remote. Similarly, it is possible to say that when Maurice goes out at the end of the play, mumbling his offices, a wasted and hopeless lunatic, and his mother sinks down with her heart-breaking cry of "My God!" while we are stirred by agony we are left cold by the half of the tragedy as represented in him, with the result that there is more than a slight protest in our minds. But the failure, what failure there be, is much deeper than this. These are the appearances, indeed, on the face of the waters of a deeper thing stirring beneath. The extraordinary strength and finality of "Birthright" was created by the fact that we understood and had entire sympathy with each of the four characters that carried the action. We were purged at the conclusion just because of this. The solution was exalting because of our utter sense of its inevitability. And it is because Mr. Murray has, in our opinion, entirely neglected one of the main characters in his new tragedy that we lose in it that complete and final sense of inevitability, and are therefore moved to unrest. It is true that he has chosen, as he had the entire right of the creator to choose, the mind of the mother as the final seat of the tragedy, in spite of the fact that he names his play after the son. But to understand her tragedy we must understand with not less perfect sympathy that which caused it: the whole process, to wit, that led to insanity in the case of her son. Instead of which Maurice is left all through the play as a postulate. Not only is his reluctance a postulate: he himself is a postulate.

In a sense it would be true to say that Mr. Murray has given us the first and third acts of his tragedy, cutting out the second which moved in the mind of Maurice himself. If to this be added the undoubted fact that there is a good deal of repetition and not altogether necessary matter (in sharp contrast to "Birthright," where there was not a superfluous word), a curious result comes about. For one sees a new play arising; or, rather, one seems to see the proportions of the situation he has chosen with Maurice Harte's own tragedy, given its due emphasis and expounded to our sympathy. And his mother's tragedy—and his father's, too, who is not so central to the story—would be more purging and exalting because we had perfect understanding of, and sympathy with, that which had caused it. It would not be less heart-breaking, but it would be purer and less challenging, to say nothing of the fact that the play as a whole would be better poised. We have examined "Maurice Harte" in this way, not only because of the manifest strength and power there is in it, but also because Mr. Murray proves that he is not less the instinctive dramatist than in his earlier play. Moreover, it is not a little curious that he should fail in the second just where he was most sure in the first. Nevertheless the applause that greeted it was no customary receipt of a new play. It was a sincere and a just tribute.

Earlier in the week J. M. Synge's "Well of the Saints" was given. Both in the matter of costume and

acting we seemed to notice in it a certain desire for pictorial effect that was decidedly not to the advantage of the play. It would be a pity if popularity robbed plays or players of their sense of purity and simplicity. But in it Sara Allgood and Arthur Sinclair gave us excellent acting nevertheless. They also took the parts of Ellen and Michael Harte in Mr. Murray's play. Both were good; but while Mr. Arthur Sinclair had not the scope he has elsewhere, Miss Sara Allgood, in the closing scene particularly of the mother's grief, succeeded in a wonderful piece of powerful acting. In the same play Mr. Sydney Morgan as Father Mangan and Mr. O'Donovan as Maurice held their parts well in hand and made no mistake.

The Manchester Players

MISS HORNIMAN'S season at the Coronet Theatre has now drawn to a close, and we suppose that by this time the Company is once more settled in the city that has come to be so well known as the centre of much that is admirable in the world of dramatic art. On practically every evening the players have performed before crowded and enthusiastic audiences, and whether the pieces have been pure comedy or plays of a more serious nature, they have all been so well handled that London playgoers no longer need to fear that only in the West End can they obtain fare suitable for their taste. On Thursday and Saturday, the last and seventh week of their stay at Notting Hill Gate, "What the Public Wants" was the piece which occupied the boards at the Coronet Theatre. The play is now too well known to need any description of the story, or of the keen humour and satire contained within the four acts into which M. Arnold Bennett has divided his plot.

Mr. Charles Bibby as Sir Charles Worgan well sustained his part throughout, while just the right effect was caught by Mr. Milton Rosmer (who, by the way, we should imagine was a great admirer of Sir George Alexander) as Francis Worgan, and by Miss Irene Rooke as Emily Vernon. Miss Edyth Goodall as Mrs. Cleland had a secondary part to play this time, and it is a noteworthy feature of the Manchester Players that they do not "star" one particular actor or actress; or perhaps it would be fairer to say that they are all "stars." In turn each one occupies the prominent position exactly suited to his or her talents, and thus it is that the acting never flags and the audience does not wait with a bored air until a particular favourite appears again to take up the one and only part for which the play is produced. We wish Miss Horniman a most successful summer and winter season, and trust that the interval will not be too long before we are privileged again to see her in the metropolis.

"The Connoisseurs" at the Little Theatre

FOUR new one-act plays were presented by "The Connoisseurs" on Sunday last, June 23, at the Little Theatre, and the performance, with the exception of

the opening play, was of an interesting character. The play to which we have referred, "A Chat with Mrs. Chicky," by Evelyn Glover, was a very monotonous discussion upon the question of woman's suffrage between a charwoman of the tub-thumping brand and a lady canvasser. "The Legacy," by Frederic Ward, though possessing some technical faults, held the attention throughout. The son of a bank messenger, having embezzled his employer's money to make reparation for a wrong he has committed, is forgiven by his parents and his mother's legacy is utilised to pay the employer. The story is not very original, but Mr. Ward portrayed his characters with considerable skill. Mr. Lancelot Lowden gave a sound interpretation of the unhappy father who was drawn between love and duty. Miss Efga Myers and Mr. George Owen scored a great success in "Getting What You Want, or Variations on a Matrimonial Theme," by Hugh de Sélincourt. The husband wishes to take his wife out to dinner; the husband, "of course" (said the prologue), gets what he wants, and the wife by yielding wins—a good dinner. Of the variations upon this theme, depicting various types of persuasive husbands and procrastinating wives, the one on "Cajolery" was written with a light touch and acted with delightful spirit. The performance concluded with a German play by Bruno Köhler called "Antje," by the members of the German Theatre Company under the direction of Gerald Weiss. The play was exceedingly well acted, and worthy of special mention was the Klaus Andrees of Herr Heinrich Victor.

Two Exhibitions

HERE are some interesting oil colours at the New English Art Club, which include characteristic contributions from Messrs. von Glehn, Muirhead, Wilson Steer, Orpen and Sargent. Mr. von Glehn's "New England" is really a pleasant study of old America—America, that is to say, before it had been vulgarised by the war. It is a delightful picture of a girl in a full white dress with Victorian bonnet, knocking for admission at the door of a clean, white, shingle house, with overhanging creepers, all bathed in brilliant sunshine. Mr. David Muirhead's "Night" piece is admirable for its cleverness, and Miss Alice Fanner contributes a bright study of summer seas and surroundings, entitled "On the Pier, Yarmouth, Isle of Wight." Miss Clare Atwood has been at greater pains to emphasise the opulence than the personality of her sitter, in her clever "Portrait of Lady Schwann"; the suggestion of opulence is well conveyed in the vista of rooms crowded with rich decorations and furniture. A very pleasing group of children masquerading in improvised fancy dress is sent by Mr. William Rothenstein, with the title "The Princess Badrulbabour"; the children are real children, and the artist's pleasure in the composition is evident. Mr. William Orpen sends a *tour-de-force* in

the "Chinese Shawl," a seated female figure, with a shawl drawn round her shoulders, and falling so as slightly to reveal a dress of vivid blue, with a background of some light figured hangings. There is character in the portrait as well as cleverness in the arrangement. The same artist has a very clever study of "The Café Royal," with a mass of detail superbly suggested, and figures in characteristic poses; but the result is not pleasant, nor perhaps was it meant to be so.

A virile picture by Mr. Sargent is "Reconnoitring," which shows the artist sitting on a camp stool, with his *impedimenta* about him, amid wild scenery, considering the subject for a painting. This, together with Mr. von Glehn's striking and pretty girl-portrait, which he calls "The Green Hat," are two pictures which remain longest in the memory. Another clever, but unconventional, picture by Mr. von Glehn is "The Picnic," which is remarkable for unwonted detail and the clever grouping of the figures. Next to it is an extraordinarily unpleasant portrait by Mr. Walter Sickert; one wonders how it obtained admission to the Exhibition. "The Solent, Stormy Weather" is a powerful piece of work by Miss Alice Fanner, and next to it hangs Mr. Muirhead's "Unknown Thoughts," a study of a pretty Victorian girl, which also compels attention. Mr. Alfred Hayward has a broad and impressive study of "The Seine at Rouen"; and Miss Alice Fanner is again to the fore with a delightful sketch called "The Seaside"—a bright and sunny study of yellow sands and blue sea, with numberless figures of children playing around its marge. Mr. F. H. S. Shepherd scores a very telling atmospheric effect in his picture "The Thrashing Machine," the dust of its working and the farmyard surroundings are admirably rendered.

The water-colours, both in this and the Goupil gallery, have been separately dealt with, but there are some forty paintings in oils at the latter which merit a word of notice. The best, perhaps, are two exceedingly clever pictures by Mr. William Orpen; in "By the Window" he shows a glimpse of sea and sky by night, wonderfully rich in deep colour, through the open window of a room; in "The Artist's Studio" he achieves a brilliant feat of technique in the reflection of the contents and of the occupant of the room in a great crystal globe, which stands upon a dark pedestal. The problem of such spherical distortions has been before the minds of artists ever since the famous achievement in Van Eyck's picture of Jan Arnolfini and his wife, which Millais used to regard as almost the last word in technical achievement. Mr. Wilson Steer sends a striking picture in red tones of a deserted quarry; and Mr. Frank Brangwyn two characteristic riots in colour, one lurid and the other brilliant, but both marked by the mannerisms which now dominate his work. There is a large nude "Diana," by Matthew Maris, a coarse figure superbly drawn and rendered; and mention is due to Mr. Russell's delicate and quiet picture of "The Beach at Littlehampton"; and to Mr. Philip Connard's "A Chelsea Interior," a daring essay in vivid, and even crude, colours, which combine to form an effective *tout ensemble*.

Water Colours

No one who loves water-colour painting could have failed to enjoy some of the exhibitions which have been open lately. The New English Art Club, with its two water-colour rooms, is always interesting. This summer the first gallery contains a number of Mr. Albert Rothenstein's sketches of girls—"Gertrude" and "Doris," and the quaintly called "Mahogany" (a slight study of a girl with red hair), and best of all the "Souvenir of Covent Garden," the three masked figures in which have all the strange interest of Mr. Rothenstein's most characteristic work. Among landscapes there is a golden "On the Ouse," by Mr. David Muirhead, and a good deal of the work of Mr. A. W. Rich, whose pictures are nearly always beautiful, though in this exhibition they are perhaps less interesting than formerly. Among them, however, is a lonely, wet coast scene with water coming in over an unlevel shore and a little bit of rising ground on the right. There is also a picture by Mr. Rich in Messrs. Goupil's summer exhibition, "Chichester Harbour," a more detailed work than most of his and reminiscent of De Wint.

At the New English Art Club's exhibition, too, there are some exquisite water-colours by Mr. C. M. Gere, of whose work in tempera, recently exhibited at the Carfax Gallery, we have spoken in these columns. Mr. Gere's water-colours, as well as his tempera paintings, are unlike the work of others and impress one with a feeling of their sincerity. There are two little water-colours by Miss Clara Taylor which have some touch of the same spirit. The very delicate "Seen from My Window," and "Cornish Downs" might have been almost topographical but for the something in them which reminds one of Mr. Gere's work. Following these, though not because of any actual resemblance, we would mention one or two things by Mr. Butler Stoney recently exhibited by the New Society of Water-Colour Painters at the Baillie-Gallery in Bruton Street, all of which have a certain individual charm. Among figure subjects, again, there are two fine strong studies in tempera for frescoes by Mrs. Sargent Florence, and by Miss F. Hodgkins two large studies of children, with a lovely baby-like head, in "Summer."

Turning to the exhibition of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours there is Mr. F. Cayley Robinson's "Jeu d'Enfants," the faces of the children, and, indeed the whole design of which are full of a serious intentness and beauty. Here, too, there is what appears to be a study for a picture or fresco, and certainly the most interesting thing we have seen from Mr. R. Anning Bell, "The Eager Girls," which in form has some of the characteristics of the work of Mr. John. Mr. Sargent has a brilliant "Genva" here, and there are several clever paintings by Mrs. Laura Knight, particularly "Breakfast," and "The Red Sunshade." Some of the best of Mrs. Knight's work was seen, however, at the recent exhibition at the Leicester Galleries, where there was perhaps nothing to exceed the ballet impressions from "Les Sylphides," and one or two of

the studies of children in the bath. In these one found more of that indefinable thing quality, and more expression than in some of the accomplished studies of sunlight, for which Mrs. Knight is becoming famous. Turning again to the Royal Society's exhibition, we would speak of Mr. Claude Shepperton's "Salt and Sunny Days," Miss Fortescue Brickdale's "The Game," in which we see a little quaint humour, and Mr. Arthur Rackham's "Witch" and "The Beggars are Coming to Town."

At Messrs. Goupil's summer exhibition of the work of artists of the present as well as the past generation, the small Gallery is devoted to water-colours, pastels and drawings. To anyone who cares for art it is a real happiness to come into this little room, though we can only speak briefly of the things it contains. Among them is a lovely study of Mr. Orpen's, a woman seen against firelight, her baby lying across her knee. It is called "Warming the Towel," but its beauty cannot be translated into the terms of any other art. There is also a nude study by the same artist, and a wonderful piece of work, in which there is something of the spirit of Rembrandt—"Maximilian finds Lawrence on London Bridge." There are some of Mr. John's strong, individual pencil drawings, too, a set of studies of gardens by Mr. Henry Muhrman, and an exquisite old mill by Maris.

Notes and News

Mr. John Lane publishes to-day "Also and Perhaps," by Sir Frank Swettenham (6s.), and "Grit Lawless," by Miss Mills Young (6s.).

Messrs. Chatto and Windus will publish immediately in the New Mediæval Library a translation of Chretien de Troyes' old French romance "Cligés." This work has been set for the London B.A. Honours Examinations, 1912-13; and the volume has been specially translated, with an introduction and notes, by L. J. Gardiner.

During his recent visit to the South of France, the Prince of Wales took with him Mr. Theodore A. Cook's volumes on "Old Provence"; His Royal Highness also intends taking with him on his forthcoming visit to the castles of the Loire the same author's well-known work, "Old Touraine." Both of these are published by Messrs. Rivington.

Lady Eileen Elliot, Mrs. Walter Rubens, and Miss Elizabeth Asquith are among those who are taking part in a performance of Vanbrugh's Restoration Comedy, "The Confederacy," which is being given at Mrs. Waldorf Astor's house, 4, St. James' Square, on the evenings of July 3 and 4, in aid of the Victoria League. Tickets may be obtained from the Theatre in Eyre, 8, North Terrace, Brompton, S.W.

"A Zola Dictionary," dealing with the various characters and scenes of the Rougon-Macquart novels, will shortly be issued by George Routledge and Sons, Ltd., in their series of Dictionaries to Famous Authors. Mr. J. G. Patterson, the compiler, supplies a biographical

and critical introduction, together with synopses of the plots and bibliographical note.

In connection with the Royal Photographic Society of Great Britain a house exhibition of photographs by the late F. P. Cembrano, F.R.P.S., will be held at 35, Russell Square, and will be open to the public till Saturday, July 20, daily (Sundays excepted) from 11 a.m. till 10 p.m. The collection comprises fifteen views in the Alhambra and the South of Spain and thirty-seven of English landscapes, chiefly river scenery.

In consequence of the general interest which is being taken in Dostoeffsky and his works at the present time in this country, the first edition of "A Great Russian Realist," by J. A. T. Lloyd, which Messrs. Stanley Paul and Co. published a short time ago, is being rapidly exhausted. The author, in revising the book for a second edition, intends to follow out the suggestions of his reviewers, whom he wishes to thank for their appreciative criticisms. Messrs. Stanley Paul and Co. also announce an important and serious work, entitled "The White Slave Market."

Mr. Murray is publishing a continuation of the "Human Boy's" adventures, by Mr. Eden Phillpotts. "From the Angle of Seventeen" details the Human Boy's experiences after his advent to the business world. Mr. Murray will also publish early in July a work entitled "The Love of Nature Among the Romans," by Sir Archibald Geikie, the President of the Royal Society. The nucleus of this work was an address delivered by him last year as President of the Classical Association. He makes a study of the feeling for nature amongst the Romans as shown in their literature and art during the last decade of the Republic and the first century of the Empire.

The concluding meeting of the session of the Royal Meteorological Society was held on Wednesday afternoon, the 19th instant, at the Society's rooms, 70, Victoria Street, Westminster, Dr. H. N. Dickson, President, in the chair. Dr. G. C. Simpson, Meteorologist to the British Antarctic Expedition, 1910, read a paper on "Coronæ and Iridescent Clouds." During September, 1911, he was one of a party led by Captain Scott to survey McMurdo Sound, and on the 24th, while enveloped in fog, he observed a fine fog-bow. This he discussed at length, with the object of showing that water can exist in the atmosphere at extremely low temperatures. Mr. W. W. Bryant read a paper on "The Adoption of a Climatological Day."

The Manchester University Press will publish this week "Old Towns and New Needs," by Paul Waterhouse, F.R.I.B.A., and "The Town Extension Plan," by Raymond Unwin, F.R.I.B.A., being the Warburton Lectures on Town Planning, delivered at the University on January 22 and 29 last. The Lectures will be issued in one volume at 1s. net, and will contain several maps and illustrations. On July 3 the M.U. Press will issue: "A Short History of Todmorden: With some Account of the Geology and Natural History of the Neighbourhood," by Joshua Holden, M.A., headmaster of Whitcliffe Mount School, Cleckheaton. The book is for use in the local schools, and a work of reference for those interested in the history of the neighbourhood; it will contain several illustrations.

Members of the Library Assistants' Association visited the House of Lords by kind invitation of Mr.

Edmund Gosse, the Librarian, on Wednesday, the 12th inst. Mr. Hugh Butler, in the absence of Mr. Gosse, conducted the party through the various rooms occupied by the library. Many literary treasures were here seen, among the most interesting of which was the Death Warrant of Charles the First, with its many signatures and seals of notable men in the history of our country. The seventeenth annual meeting of the Association was held in the evening at the University College, Gower Street, W.C. An inspection of the library and the very fine collection of manuscripts and early printed books was made, after which the members adjourned to the Mocatta Library. Mr. L. Stanley Jast (Chief Librarian, Croydon) delivered an address entitled "Waste in the Library Field," which called forth a very critical discussion. Mr. Jast advocated the adoption of a Central Cataloguing Bureau, where all the books likely to be purchased by the Libraries in this country would be catalogued, and the cards distributed to those libraries requiring them, the cost of such a Bureau to be covered by subscriptions from all libraries participating in the scheme. The annual business meeting followed, when the annual report was received and the officers and members of the Council for the ensuing year were duly elected. The new President of the Association (Mr. Henry T. Coutts, Islington Libraries) delivered his address, and the usual votes of thanks terminated the meeting.

Imperial and Foreign Affairs

BY LANCELOT LAWTON.

THE GROWTH OF SOCIALISM IN JAPAN.

THE sporadic outbursts of labour violence in Japan, though confined to the conditions that prevail in localities at the moment, are none the less highly indicative of the general situation. But another and a still more significant sign of the times is to be found in the spread of Socialism. This circumstance is due to several causes, the principal of which is purely economic. The increase in the burdens of taxation, the rise in the cost of living, unaccompanied as it is by a corresponding appreciation in wages, and last but not least the dawning realisation that capital is exacting too heavy a toll from labour, are prominent among the agencies which have propagated the seed of Socialism. It is difficult to give any accurate idea of the extent of this movement. Whenever the agitation has shown the least flicker of flame the police have instantly applied rigorous methods of suppression. While in this way violent outbursts have been temporarily checked, it cannot be denied that not only has Socialism survived, but it has, if anything, received additional vitality in consequence.

It will no doubt be argued that as Socialism is fundamentally antagonistic to Japanese ideas, both in regard to the inviolability of the Throne and the duty of the citizen towards the State, its teachings can never thrive among the masses of the people. That theory certainly held good in the days before Japan had made material industrial progress. But a gradual change has been

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brought about by the spread of education—education which taught of the struggle for liberty and freedom in foreign lands—and also by the dawning realisation that the era of reform that followed the Restoration was merely the manifestation of a State policy which sought to retain many of the powers and privileges of feudalism while at the same time utilising the material and productive experience of the West. As a potential menace this policy has only recently made itself apparent. In certain quarters it is urged that Socialism can never make serious headway in Japan; but surely those who indulge in such a prophecy ignore facts already accomplished. However much the Government may desire to give the impression that the views of extreme democracy do not meet with popular acceptance, the precautions that are being taken to guard the nation against their influence are sufficiently indicative of the fears which exist in high quarters. The belief that in the army the spread of Socialistic teaching would undermine the patriotism of the men led to the following decisions as a result of a meeting of the commanders of divisions: (1) A close scrutiny should be made into the character and friends of soldiers suspected of being Socialists. (2) Steps should be taken to ascertain what persons they meet when they are out of barracks. (3) The suspected soldiers should be shadowed by gendarmes. (4) Care should be taken not to allow the necessary supervision to injure the standing of the suspected men as soldiers.

The laws having for their object the preservation of peace vest the police with autocratic powers. Before a political party can be organised, the consent of the executive authorities must be obtained. Moreover, newspapers and other publications can be suppressed, and associations dissolved by the police. Many years ago a Socialist association was formed on the lines of the Fabian Society. Owing to the opposition of the authorities, all attempts to organise a party have completely failed, while a number of journals have been peremptorily ordered to cease publication because they contained articles which, in the opinion of the police, were likely to cause breaches of the peace. In one instance a newspaper was suppressed merely because it published the diaries of Socialists who were serving terms of imprisonment. From time to time the authorities have prohibited the sale of European books on the ground that they were prejudicial either to the interests of the State or to the well-being of the people. Included among the authors whose books are banned are to be found such famous names as Molière, Tolstoy, Zola, Macaulay, and Goldsmith. The idea that our English classic, "The Vicar of Wakefield," should be regarded by the Japanese censors as degrading to public morality, is nothing more or less than a reflection upon the intelligence of the race. The attitude of the authorities in this matter is all the more inexplicable in view of the fact that the Japanese newspapers frequently contain columns of undisguised filth.

Apparently the official view is that Japanese morals can only be contaminated by foreign agencies. Admittedly it must be a frail intellect that cannot interpret a wholesome lesson from "The Vicar of Wakefield." Tolstoy sent a copy of his essay, "The Meaning of the Russian Revolution," to the editors of a Japanese publication, issued under the title of "The Review of Revolutions." The work was promptly rendered into Japanese, but circulation was immediately prohibited. In the case of Zola's novel, "Paris," the authorities found themselves in a dilemma. Marquis Saionji, then Prime Minister, who, during the early days of his career, had imbued Republican teachings when in France, interested himself in the translation and wrote a short preface welcoming the work. The officials of the Imperial Household, however, disliked the democratic sentiments expressed by M. Zola, and his revelations of vice in high quarters. At their instigation, the sale of the second volume of the Japanese translation was suppressed. Incidentally, it may be mentioned that the first volume had already enjoyed a large sale. Some years ago, Mr. Ozaki, the Mayor of Tokyo, and a politician whose loyalty is above suspicion, was compelled to resign a Cabinet position in consequence of having delivered a speech the burden of which was a mere assumption, for the sake of argument, that a Republican form of Government existed in Japan. In view of the rigour of these repressive measures, it would appear that the authorities are in possession of evidence which tends to show that Socialism is making more progress in Japan than is generally supposed.

MOTORING

THE recent publication of figures relating to the personal accidents, fatal and otherwise, directly caused by mechanically propelled vehicles in London has produced a deep sensation in the minds of many who have hitherto given little thought to what is one of the most serious and difficult problems of the day. That in one year 400 people should be killed and 10,000 injured by motor vehicles in the streets of the metropolis is surely a fact sufficient in itself to convince every thinking individual that there is something radically wrong in the state of affairs—something which imperatively demands a drastic remedy. It is regrettable, therefore, to find in certain motoring quarters a disposition to minimise the gravity of the position, and to argue that such an appalling list of casualties is only what may reasonably be expected. For example, the *Motor*, the most widely circulated, and, in many respects, the most influential organ of the motor Press, sums up the matter in a leading article with the remark that "what is lacking is a really proper appreciation of the new condition of affairs by pedestrians, and the first duty of any new society should be to teach reckless walkers how they may, by the exercise of reasonable care, protect themselves." With all due respect to our technical contemporary, this is not the spirit in which the problem should be approached. Splendid as are the advantages conferred by the motor vehicle upon those who can afford to avail themselves of its services, the rights of the general non-motoring public to live, and move, and have their being cannot be ignored in this somewhat flippant fashion. One may perhaps expect that the vigorous and alert should conform to "the new condition of affairs" by exercising eternal vigilance, but there are others. The young, who have not the experience, and the elderly, who have not the alertness, are entitled to walk along and cross the streets in reasonable security, and this at present they cannot do. The question as to what can be done for their protection is one which calls urgently for solution.

There seems to be only one practicable remedy, or partial remedy, and that a temporary one, for the traffic danger in London: and that is, the prohibition of all slow-moving horse-drawn traffic in the metropolitan area. It is the intermingling of the latter with the speedy motor traffic which is mainly responsible for the congestion of the streets and for the numerous accidents caused by the motor. The taxicab and motor-bus driver, to whom the accomplishment of certain journeys in a certain time is of vital importance, is compelled to avail himself instantly of every opportunity of emerging as quickly as possible from the continuous blockings of the traffic by the crawling and cumbersome horse-drawn vehicles, and the bewildered pedestrian is only too frequently the victim. If the streets of London were entirely reserved to the motor vehicle, which has demonstrated its superiority from the points of view of speed, capacity, and economy for every form of traffic, there would be an incalculable saving of time and money, and accidents, although they can never, of

course, be entirely eliminated, would be largely reduced in number. The horse, for traction purposes in a busy city, is now a palpable anachronism. For the public services it has already almost disappeared. The time cannot be far distant when it will have to be banished altogether from the London streets, and the sooner that time comes the better.

At the time of writing the race for the Grand Prix at Dieppe is in progress, and the first section has resulted in a close finish between the American driver, Mr. David Bruce Brown, on a Fiat, and M. Georges Boillot, on a Peugeot. The race is a two-day event, 480 miles having to be covered on each day. Mr. Brown finished first on Tuesday with an average speed of 73 miles an hour, beating the French driver by two minutes. It is interesting to note that in 1907, over the same course, Nazzaro won on a Fiat with an average speed of 70.61 miles an hour, so that in the mere matter of speed there has been no appreciable advance in the last five years. So far as the British entrants are concerned, the first day's racing has not proved by any means disappointing. All the thirteen British-made cars competing are of the 3-litre—the limited power—section, but nevertheless there were five of them in the first eleven to finish.

R. B. H.

In the Temple of Mammon

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

THE Stock Exchange, having no business to transact, has devoted the past week to a discussion of the *Daily Mail* scheme for supplying investors with the shares that they want without the intervention of either broker or jobber. Candidly, the majority of members in the House laugh at the proposals of the *Daily Mail*. But there are some who view the enterprise with considerable misgiving. They believe that the small investor will be drawn away from the House, and that business will suffer. The country broker will certainly lose. On the other hand, we hear many members laugh and say that it will be impossible for a newspaper to take up the position of a broker; that the question of the recovery of dividends and all the detail work cannot be done profitably for the small fee charged by the *Daily Mail*. Personally, I congratulate the paper upon its enterprise, and I am quite certain that within a few months' time every newspaper will be doing exactly what the *Daily Mail* is doing to-day. There is no reason at all why people should go to the Stock Exchange to buy and sell shares if they can deal with safety through a respectable newspaper. The jobber has only himself to thank for the loss of business that must ensue through the enterprise of the *Daily Mail*.

There are on the Stock Exchange a large number of jobbers who have very little capital, and who get most of their business because they are friends of some broker. In each market there are, of course, at least four or five firms, and probably more, who have wealth and act for the big shops or

on their own account. These are the jobbers who really make the prices and who stand beside the small jobber, whom they use as a sort of runner to bring business. The whole system of jobbing on the Stock Exchange is absurd, because the jobber charges a great deal more than he ought for doing the business. Were he risking any large amount of capital it is conceivable that he might insist upon a big profit. I do not say that there are no jobbers who do not risk their capital, but I do say that the majority risk very little.

In the Industrial Market the prices are sometimes ridiculous, and I have again and again complained in these columns of the wide prices made in some of our finest industrial investments. For example, those people who have electric lighting shares to sell can certainly do much better through the *Daily Mail* than they could through the Stock Exchange, and the same applies to many other sections of the Industrial market. I admit that a buyer through a newspaper would not save much if he were only dealing in such securities as Chartered, Dover A, Little Chats, Brighton A, or in securities that have a perfectly free market and in which the closest possible prices are made. But out of the thousands of securities dealt in inside the House, how many have a free market? Certainly not one-tenth. The new rules that have been made are simply ridiculous. Indeed, any rule in restraint of trade must be ridiculous. Almost all the largest brokers in the Stock Exchange were strongly opposed to the new rules. Certainly all the most active firms of brokers voted against them. It is now said that the rules will again be altered. But they will be altered too late; for clearly the *Daily Mail* scheme has caught on and will probably become universal, for there is nothing against it, and any newspaper that desires to retain its readers should afford them the facilities now offered by that paper. There is only one weak point about the scheme, and that is that the *Daily Mail* only acts as a conduit pipe. It does not give advice.

Next week I shall start a novel sort of financial newspaper, to be called *The Stockbroker*. It will not accept any financial advertisements, but it will contain advice on all financial matters both for the speculator and the investor, and that advice will be independent of any business management. As the newspaper will only have its sales revenue to depend upon, the price has been fixed at a shilling. Whether it will be a success or not depends upon whether there are enough people who are willing to buy a financial newspaper that unhesitatingly speaks the truth about everything. We shall see.

The public still remains aloof from the new issues. Messrs. Sperlings offer us another of their Light, Power and Traction companies in the Consolidated Cities Light,

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Power and Traction Company, who are selling 4 million dollars 5 per cent. gold bonds at 90. This company holds stock in various local concerns, mainly in the Southern or Western States of America and mostly in small towns ranging from 8,000 to 60,000 inhabitants. The estimated net earnings are put down at 400,000 dollars for the year ending December 31, 1913. But it should be noted that the profits for the year ending May 31, 1912, are vaguely stated at 280,000 dollars, which would be barely sufficient to meet the interest on the present bond issue. These bonds are therefore somewhat speculative.

The Strand Palace Hotel is increasing its capital by the issue of 200,000 7 per cent. cumulative preference shares and 100,000 7 per cent. participating preferred ordinary shares, which are offered at 5s. premium. The money is required to erect and equip an hotel on an island plot just off Piccadilly Circus. The new hotel will have more bedrooms than any other hotel in the United Kingdom, and will be fitted in a luxurious manner. No tipping will be permitted, and the charge for bedroom, bath, light and *table d'hôte* breakfast will be 6s. per person. The Strand Palace has made £40,593 for the year ending September 30, and the directors, who are also directors of Lyons and Co., anticipate that the new hotel, together with the Strand Palace, should make a profit of £120,000 a year. After paying debenture interest and 7 per cent. on the preference shares now in existence and now offered, and a dividend on the deferred ordinary shares, there should be nearly £30,000 left for distribution amongst the preferred ordinary shares and the deferred ordinary shares. Therefore the preferred ordinary would obtain about 14 per cent. dividend. As the group has not yet made any mistake, it is quite possible that the calculations in the prospectus will be proved correct. London is more and more becoming a city of hotels, and all seem to do well.

MONEY.—The Money Market feels quite happy with regard to the Berlin settlement. In London the end of the half year will cause no commotion. There may be a temporary stringency, but it will pass away in a few days. It is then quite probable that the Bank of England will reduce its rate. The decision made by Lloyd George to devote 5 millions to the sinking fund will please everybody. Consols should rise.

FOREIGNERS.—The Foreign Market has been dull, and there was a sharp set-back in Tintos, due entirely to some of the speculators having got out of their stock before the end of the half-year settlement in Paris; no doubt also the fall was accentuated by the action of the option dealers. The "bears" are buying back their Italians.

HOME RAILS.—Nobody can say a good word for Home Rails, therefore it is the moment to buy, and I strongly urge my readers who have money to invest to buy the Heavy Lines for the new account.

YANKEES.—Yankee Rails may be left out of our purview, as it is unlikely that any serious business deals will be attempted until the elections are out of the way. There has been a slight shake-out in Copper shares, due entirely to the fall in the metal. No doubt a large number of people had bought Copper on money borrowed from the banks, and as the banks usually call in loans just before the end of the half-year, these "bulls" thought it wiser to take their profits. This market will recover rapidly, for although Amalgamated is holding a big stock of copper, the tale that there is an enormous hidden hoard of the red metal may be entirely disregarded.

OIL.—The Oil Market has been just as deserted as the rest of the Stock Exchange, and even Shells have been dull. The "bulls" in Ural Caspians have been getting out, and it is clear that we shall not have another oil boom for some time to come, certainly not until the public has digested the shares that it purchased during the past few months. The Central Carpathian Company is almost

ready, and I hear that Mr. Barnet will probably offer some shares in his big Roumanian Consolidated. The same group will also, when the time is ripe, place the remainder of the working capital shares in the Moreni Roumania, which from four wells have already turned out over 8,000 tons of oil.

KAFFIRS AND RHODESIANS.—Both the Kaffir and the Rhodesian Markets have been flat, although shares in the Lonely have been supported by the shop. The Shamva report is not very satisfactory.

TIN.—A cable was published last Saturday with regard to Anglo-Continental; evidently the first attempt to recreate a boom in this share. It fell flat, and the whole Tin Market is now depressed to a degree. Some wag posted a notice in the House, "Lost, Stolen, or Strayed, the Naraguta return."

MISCELLANEOUS.—There has been quite a little business in Miscellaneous shares, as the Hudson Bay report was much liked. Van den Berghs have also been bid for, and opened the week at 50s., but the public appear to be getting out of their Marconis, and the "bulls" of National Telephone deferred are also beginning to think that a bird in the hand is worth two in the Government bush. It seems to me a very reasonable speculation to buy Waring and Gillow debentures at £25, for a scheme is on foot to resuscitate the firm, and surely this big business is worth at a break-up price more than 5s. in the £1.

RAYMOND RADCLYFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE GERMAN PERIL.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—I have had a talk with a German gentleman (from Hamburg) to-day. He is of the opinion that the meaning of the move of his country in sending the present or new Ambassador to London is the final prior to war between his country and this country. He pointed out that Germany has an army of six million men, including reservists, always ready for action within twenty-four hours; that the machinery for massing and moving this vast army is perfect in the smallest detail, that every man knows exactly what he has to do and where he has to go; every chief railway official has sealed instructions; every mayor or burgomaster has sealed directions; magistrates and people of note have similar instructions directing them as to what they have to do immediately upon the issue of a proclamation. That at every port there are always standing ready all the munitions of war and arrangements for embarking an army of 250,000 men. That there are always sufficient transport steamers at these ports. That they have built and are building steam colliers capable of 14 to 15 knots, fitted with self-discharging machinery, wireless, and able to coal the fleet while under way. That they are building a great fleet, increasing the personnel of the fleet; that they have a reserve for manning their fleet, as every German seaman, officer and engineer was naval-trained. But this has cost a lot of money, and Germany is faced with bankruptcy, because her resources are not equal to the present demands; therefore they (the German nation) would be compelled either to find the resources necessary or compel someone else to pay their expenditure. England is the only country that has the means to foot the bill. "England holds every asset that would be accepted as security for the money we have spent; therefore we must either break England or acknowledge ourselves as a nation bankrupt and unable to bear the strain of attempting to place our flag and country as the master-flag and nation of the world." If the German Empire is to continue, it must acquire colonies,

it must progress, and England is the only nation standing in her way. The very existence of the German nation as a World-Empire depends upon her ability to progress, and she can only progress if England is thrust from her present position. Germany, he said, is now in the position of having to show her people that the increased taxation which they have to meet is for their benefit, and that the ultimate burden will fall upon other than German shoulders. Every German recognises that war with England is necessary to their national existence, and that every German drinks to the toast of the day when Germany will have England conquered and suppliant at her feet.

My friend told me many other things, and expressed surprise that Englishmen failed to recognise the danger their land was in. He said the English are just like the French, and will be caught in the same trap. As a business man he personally did not want war, nor did many of the German people, but unfortunately, he said, the question was not in the hands of either the people or their Parliament, but in the hands of those who would have to justify their policy of expansion. It is now some five years ago that I mentioned to you the German preparations. Since then the people in this country who are responsible for the country's safety have had it pointed out to them. But what have they done to meet the danger, what preparation have they made? Have they told the nation of its peril? Instead of attempting to place the country in a strong position to resist any attempt upon her shores, her flag and her honour, they are deluding and misleading the people into a feeling of false security with promises of benefits and social advantages; while as my German friend said: "Every country in Europe looks on with astonishment and wonder at our blindness and neglect."

I have written you this, sir, because I know that you are personally quite alive to the position, and because my friend is one whom I have known for some years in "shipping," and is a man of substance, one who is not likely to be an alarmist. Yours very truly,

West Hartlepool.

T. McL.

[We are quite aware of the facts stated by our correspondent, and agree in his conclusions as to the criminal supineness of our Government and a portion of our population. Germany as a business nation will and can only strike if she foresees assured success. It is quite easy to demonstrate to her that she cannot possibly succeed. Unfortunately patriotism in parts of this country is at present a condition secondary to personal profit. The sequel will enforce the moral.—*Editor, THE ACADEMY.*]

"CHASTE SAPPHO."

To the *Editor of THE ACADEMY.*

MONSIEUR,—Au sujet de ma "Chaste Sappho" je suis d'abord confus des éloges que vous me prodiguez (*ACADEMY*, May 11, 1912); ensuite je ne saurais trop vous remercier de l'extrême attention que vous avez accordée à mon opuscule. Tout cela m'encourage à vous adresser pour vos lecteurs quelques lignes propres à éclaircir toute confusion au sujet de l'authenticité du Ms. qui a servi à mes études.

Il ne faut pas oublier que la publicité, pour ne pas être une invention absolument récente, n'a guère donné de résultats que de nos jours. Elle était autrefois si peu de chose que même après la découverte de l'imprimerie en Angleterre, cent ans après la mort de l'immortel Shakespeare, il fut possible à un certain Nahum Tate non-seulement de donner un "Roi Lear," mais d'avertir ses lecteurs "qu'il en avait pris l'idée dans une pièce, d'on ne sait quel auteur, qu'il avait lue par hasard."

A plus forte raison, avant la découverte de l'imprimerie 1700 ans après la mort de Sappho, on est forcé d'admettre que la copie de l'ode 2 de Sappho que nous donne le Ms. 2036 est d'une authenticité suspecte parceque c'est un

mélange de la vraie leçon, des leçons parodiques, et des fautes des copistes. Néanmoins elle est supérieure comme authenticité à celle qu'aurait le "Roi Lear" de Nahum Tate si on voulait nous le donner comme étant celui de Shakespeare au cas où le dernier aurait eu le malheur de disparaître.

En somme Nahum Tate refit l'œuvre de Shakespeare en démarquant soigneusement tout ce qui pouvait accuser son plagiat. Tandis que les comiques, pour faire prendre leur œuvre pour des poésies de Sappho, serrèrent de très-près l'original, se contentant d'y introduire des mots et des idées obscènes, à la faveur de certaines ressemblances de mots, par certains à peu-près qui laissent derrière les mots parodiques entrevoir le véritable leçon.

Plus tard les libraires par économie, par insouciance ou faute de pouvoir juger et discerner ce qui était le vrai du faux, mêlèrent et la leçon de Sappho et les parodies.

Ce sont ces mixtures qui nous sont parvenues parceque les vrais ouvrages de Sappho, appartenant à un dialecte qui ne se parlait plus, disparurent de bonne heure quand l'atticisme d'abord et la langue commune ensuite eurent tout envahi. Il n'en reste que des citations plus ou moins exactes comme toutes les citations qui se font la plus part du temps de mémoire.

Veuillez m'excuser si j'ai été un peu long, et daignez agréer avec mes plus chaleureux remerciements l'assurance de ma parfaite considération.

(DR.) J.-M.-F. BASCOUL.
(Médecin de Colonisation.)

El-Kseur (Dép. de Constantine),
Algérie. June 8, 1912.

THE GERMAN POINT OF VIEW.

To the *Editor of THE ACADEMY.*

SIR,—Mr. Lawton's diagnosis of German opinion as to the aims of British policy is probably accurate. We do unquestionably oppose German interests at every turn and in every quarter of the globe; and it is very difficult to believe that this persistent opposition is unintentional. It is quite obvious to an independent observer that Great Britain is desperately afraid of Germany, and is determined to thwart her designs for expansion in every possible way. But the game is a dangerous one, and the friends upon whom we rely so implicitly to help us in carrying it out may as likely as not prove to be playing for their own hand and not for ours. Take the United States, for instance. Would they spend such untold treasure on piercing the Isthmus of Panama unless they had some great dream, on the realisation of which they have set their heart? Anyone with a little imagination can see that the Canal means the eventual consolidation of the whole North American Continent into one great republic, and the domination of the resources of Latin America by the more vigorous northern race. That, I most firmly believe, is the ideal of the United States, and unless we are content to lose Canada, and with Canada the Empire, we shall take steps at once to counteract that enormous access of naval power which the possession and control of the Panama Canal will give to the United States. So far we have done nothing to safeguard our position in the New World; and the time in which we may still do so is getting perilously short. But a way lies open, if we will but take it. Why should we not, in fact, come to a friendly understanding with Germany, and aid her in the acquisition of suitable territory in temperate South America in defiance of the Monroe Doctrine? In this way we shall ourselves be relieved from the intolerable pressure of German shipbuilding rivalry, and shall at the same time impose a check on the pretensions of the United States to control the whole of the American Continent, north and south. I say nothing about an act of tardy justice to Germany, though I feel very strongly that our policy of repression has been thoroughly unjustifiable and selfish. I put the case en-

tirely as a matter of policy, believing as I do that our position is already becoming precarious and that a little more driving full speed ahead without looking will result in irretrievable disaster to the ship of State. I am, Sir,
Your obedient servant,

IMMO S. ALLEN.

SPRING POETS.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—Before you go further in the suppression of spring poetry, pray pause to consider what happened in Germany, according to Adolf Holst's latest volume of verse, "Lustige Vögel aus meinem Garten":—

The Spring having flown, disgusted with the innumerable poets who celebrated her appearance with delirious enthusiasm, the authorities, according to custom and formula, declared it to be strongly forbidden "in March, in April and above all in May," to address the Spring in lyric verse. What happened?

"There came a calamity over the land,
There died directly, you understand,
Nine thousand, nine hundred and ninety-nine poets,
(Not counting the ladies.)"

Alarmed lest the race become extinct, for only two were left, and these at the point of death, the decree was recalled. The poets at once called faintly for pen and ink and

"They started to writing as busy as bees,
—Both bards, if you please—
Though still somewhat weak, yet with rapturous
glance,
A Springtide romance."

He adds:—

"This was some time ago,
And though at that time we so nearly had none,
We now have just over one half mil-lion.
(Not counting the ladies, of course.)"

82, Morningside East, MAY LAMBERTON BECKER.
New York City, U.S.A.

June 10, 1912.

MOUTH BREATHERS.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—In dealing with the treatment and destruction of disease, an incalculable benefit might be rendered to humanity by medical men if they would give the mother a few simple rules whereby she might recognise the first manifestation of any physical or mental ailment in her little ones. Now one of the simplest rules for the prevention of disease, and one which is generally overlooked, but which if carried out would prove abidingly effectual in counteracting the formation of a bad habit, is that which applies to the evil effect of mouth breathing. The ignorance of the people, and especially the young, concerning this most important rule of health is deplorable; and it need be little wondered at that so many individuals grow up with diseases of the respiratory organs, extreme sore throat, narrow chests, and consumption. Walter De Voe states that "the air passages in the nasal organs contain twenty-six square inches of moist mucous membrane, which not only moistens and warms the air, but collects from it the dust and germs with which it is filled. The secretions of the mucous membrane contain properties which destroy the germs of disease taken in with the air. Air taken in through the mouth is moistened, but it is not tempered, filtered and disinfected as it is when entering through the nose. One glance at the lungs of one who breathes through the mouth, with its dark coating of dirt that accumulates on the inner lining and hinders the blending of oxygen and blood, would cure anyone of

the mouth breathing habit." This habit of mouth breathing is also responsible for much of the dulness, want of attention, and deficiency of mental and physical power among the children attending school. And although it may be true that we are breathing through every part of our body, and that we should keep the body perfectly clean and sweet, so that it should not inbreath certain impurities or exhalations, it will be universally acknowledged that the most important breathing channel is through the nose. Yours faithfully,

J. R. MORETON.

"Lynton," Brockley Rise, S.E.

GEORGE ROMNEY'S GRAVE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—I have just returned from a week's stay in the delightful Lake District ("the loveliest spot that man hath ever found," as Wordsworth says), and during my sojourn in this most glorious part of our isles I naturally did not miss the opportunity of visiting the graves of the immortal William Wordsworth, Hartley Coleridge, Sir John Richardson (the famous Arctic explorer), who sleep in Grasmere Churchyard, and John Ruskin, who lies buried in the little churchyard of Coniston. All these resting-places I found to be in a perfectly satisfactory condition, but not so that of George Romney (1734-1802), the illustrious portrait painter, whose tomb in the churchyard of Dalton-in-Furness I likewise visited. First, in order to reach it, I had to wade through grass nearly a yard high, and secondly, the flat, massive stone which covers Romney's remains is completely broken in half. This is all the more surprising as there is an inscription round the tomb, stating that "this memorial was restored by John Orde Romney, of Whitestock Hall, in this county, a great-grandson of the painter, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and ninety-five." That is only seventeen years ago, yet the grave of George Romney is again in a state of the most abject neglect. I trust that no time will be lost in once more renovating this memorable resting-place, and in a manner worthy of the great artist who lies beneath it. Yours very obediently,

ALGERNON ASHTON.

10, Holmdale Road, West Hampstead,
London, N.W.

BOOKS RECEIVED

FICTION.

- The Emporium: A Novel of Modern Society.* By Alec Holmes. (George Allen and Co. 6s.)
Treasure of Thule: A Romance of Orkney. By B. D. Steward. (Sidgwick and Jackson. 6s.)
The Rich Man's Wife. By Dick Donovan and E. Way Elkington. (W. J. Ham-Smith. 6s.)
Säimi Tervola. By Hilma Pylkkänen. (Bernard Grassett, Paris. 3 fr. 50 c.)
The Consort. By Mrs. Everard Coates. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)
Pillars of Smoke. By Mrs. Stanley Wrench. (John Long. 6s.)
The Rider of Waroona. By Firth Scott. (John Long. 6s.)
Crowns. By Winifred M. Macnab. (Lynwood and Co. 6s.)
The Civil War of 1915. By J. Twells Brex. (C. Arthur Pearson. 1s. net.)
Jean Cameron. By William Otterstoun. (Simpkin, Marshall and Co. 6s.)
The Virgin Royal. By Mrs. Donald Shaw. (Frank Palmer. 6s.)
The Gift of St. Anthony. By Charles Granville. (Stephen Swift and Co. 6d. net.)

- The Wooing of Margaret Trevenna.* By Roy Meldrum. (Andrew Melrose. 6s.)
The Woman Between. By Edmund Bosanquet. (John Long. 6s.)
The Price of Possession. By the Author of "Improper Prue." (John Long. 6s.)
Spring Days. By George Moore. (New Edition.) (T. Werner Laurie. 6s.)
The Guilty Man. (Le Coupable.) By François Coppée. Translated by Ruth Helen Davis. (Greening and Co. 6s.)
Open Country: A Comedy with a Sting. By Maurice Hewlett. With Frontispiece. (Macmillan and Co. 2s. net.)
Rest Harrow: A Comedy of Resolution. By Maurice Hewlett. With Frontispiece. (Macmillan and Co. 2s. net.)
At the Sign of the Reine Pédaque. By Anatole France. Translated by Mrs. Wilfrid Jackson. With an Introduction by William J. Locke. (John Lane. 6s.)
The Green Overcoat. By Hilaire Belloc. With Illustrations by G. K. Chesterton. (J. W. Arrowsmith, Bristol. 6s.)
The New Wood Nymph. By Dorothea Russell. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

- Hernani: A Tragedy.* By Frederick Brock. (Duckworth and Co. 2s. net.)
The Path of Social Progress: A Discussion of Old and New Ideas in Social Reform. By Mrs. George Kerr. (T. Nelson and Sons. 2s. net.)
The Oxford Country, Its Attractions and Associations Described by Several Authors. Collected and Arranged by R. T. Günther, Fellow of Magdalen College. Illustrated. (John Murray. 7s. 6d. net.)
War and the Private Citizen: Studies in International Law. By A. Pearce Higgins, M.A., LL.D. With Introductory Note by the Rt. Hon. Arthur Cohen, K.C. (P. S. King and Son. 5s. net.)
Scottish Prose of the 17 and 18th Centuries. By John Hepburn Millar, M.A. Illustrated. (James Maclepose and Sons. 10s. net.)
Essentials of Poetry: Lowell Lectures, 1911. By W. A. Neilson. (Constable and Co. 5s. net.)
Patriots. A Play in Three Acts by Lennox Robinson. (Maunsell and Co. 1s. net.)
Judgment. A Play in Two Acts by Joseph Campbell. (Maunsell and Co. 1s. net.)
The Darkness, the Dawn, and the Day. By J. C. Thomas, B.Sc. ("Keridon.") (Watts and Co. 6d. net.)
Dickens Studied in Six Novels. By the Hon. Albert S. G. Canning. (T. Fisher Unwin. 6s. net.)
Across Australia. By Baldwin Spencer, C.M.G., and F. J. Gillen. 2 Vols. With Illustrations and Maps. (Macmillan and Co. 21s. net.)
Reform in Church Finance. By the Rev. T. Allen Moxon, M.A. (The S.P.C.K. 2d.)
Plays by August Strindberg: The Dream Play. The Link. The Dance of Death, Parts I and II. Translated, with an Introduction, by Edwin Björkman. Portrait Frontispiece. (Duckworth and Co. 6s.)
Outfit and Equipment for the Traveller, Explorer, and Sportsman. Edited by Eustace Reynolds Ball, F.R.G.S. Illustrated. (Reynolds-Ball's Guides.)
The Religion of Science: The Faith of Coming Man. By James W. Lee. (Fleming H. Revell Company. 5s. net.)
Anthropological Papers, Mostly on Parsee Subjects. By Jivanji Jamshedji Modi, B.A. (The British India Press, Bombay.)
Britain's Dilemma. High Prices:—Strikes. Dear Money:—Stagnation. By M. de P. Webb, C.I.E. (P. S. King and Son. 7s. 6d. net.)

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND MEMOIRS.

- Man in the Old Stone Age.* By the Rev. Gerard W. Bancs, M.A. (Unwin Bros. 1s.)
Le Poème Anglo-Saxon de Beowulf: I.—Introduction. Les Saxons en Angleterre. II.—Le Poème de Beowulf. Texte et Traduction. Notes. Index. Bibliographie. Rythmique. Grammaire. Lexique. By Hubert Pierquin. (Alphonse Picard et Fils, Paris. 15 fr.)
Johnsonian Gleanings: Part II.—Francis Barber, The Doctor's Negro Servant. By Aleyn Lyell Reade. With Portrait Frontispiece. (Privately Printed for the Author at the Arden Press.)
Guiana: British, Dutch, and French. By James Rodway, F.L.S. With a Map and 36 Illustrations. (T. Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)
Memories of James McNeill Whistler the Artist. By T. R. Way. Illustrated. (John Lane. 10s. 6d. net.)
Sketch of the Early English Church. By the Rev. Dr. Irving, B.A. (The S.P.C.K. 2d.)
Recollections of Léonard, Hairdresser to Queen Marie-Antoinette. Translated from the French by E. Jules Meras. Illustrated. (Greening and Co. 5s. net.)
Recollections of Guy de Maupassant by his Valet François. Translated from the French by Mina Round. Illustrated. (John Lane. 10s. 6d. net.)
Wilhelm von Hartel, Sein Leben und Wirken. By Dr. S. Frankfurter. With Portraits. (Carl Fromme, Vienna and Leipzig.)
Carteggio di Alessandro Manzoni (1803-1821). By Giovanni Sforza and Giuseppe Gallavresi. Illustrated. (Ulrico Hoepli, Milan. 8 lire, 50 c.)

VERSE.

- Love Poems.* Translated from the Latin by J. M. Krause. With Frontispiece. (Kegan Paul and Co. 1s. 6d. net.)
Song in September. By Norman Gale. (Constable and Co. 5s. net.)
Spring Songs. By Mrs. Elliot Money. (Gay and Hancock. 1s. 6d. net.)
The One Black Swan. By Pauline Mary Tarn. (Constable and Co. 1s. net.)
Sonnets and Ballate of Guido Cavalcanti. With Translations and an Introduction by Ezra Pound. (Stephen Swift and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)
The King: A Tragedy in a Continuous Series of Scenes. By Stephen Phillips. (Stephen Swift and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)
The Land of Heart's Desire. By W. B. Yeats. (T. Fisher Unwin. 1s. net.)
The Choice, and Other Poems. By Mrs. Victor Campbell. (Lynwood and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)
Poems. By Archibald Young Campbell. (W. Heffer and Sons, Cambridge. 3s. 6d. net.)

THEOLOGY.

- The Teaching of John Wesley as Gathered from His Writings.* By the Rev. F. H. Weston, M.A. (The S.P.C.K. 2d.)
What is "Christian Science"? By the Rev. G. R. Oakley, M.A., B.D. (The S.P.C.K. 2d.)

PERIODICALS.

- Revue Bleue; The Malthusian; Museum of Fine Arts Bulletin, Boston, U.S.A.; Journal of the Imperial Arts League; Sunday at Home; Girl's Own Paper and Woman's Magazine; Boy's Own Paper; Friendly Greetings; Literary Digest, N.Y.; International Psychic Gazette; Bookseller; Publishers' Circular; Wednesday Review, Trichinopoly; Revue Critique d'Histoire et de Littérature; Pelican Record; Fourteenth Annual Report of the British Union for the Abolition of Vivisection; Thirty-Fourth Annual Report of the Malthusian League.*

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